

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 11, 1918

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16 OCT 1918

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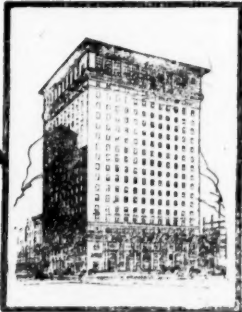
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New Books Received

Orders for any books reviewed in REEDY'S MIRROR will be promptly filled on receipt of purchase price with postage added when necessary. Address REEDY'S MIRROR, St. Louis, Mo.

THE EDUCATION OF HENRY ADAMS, an Autobiography. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co., \$5.

Privately printed in 1906 as a sequel to "Mont-Saint-Michel and Chartres" and now reprinted by the Massachusetts Historical Society, it affords an interesting commentary on men and events from 1848 to 1905. Indexed. Preface by Henry Cabot Lodge.

THE FUTURE OF GERMAN INDUSTRIAL EXPORTS by S. Herzog. New York: Doubleday-Page & Co.; cloth \$1, paper 75c.

The German scheme for the control of the world trade after the war as written in 1915 by a German economist. Introduction by Herbert Hoover, Vernon Kellogg and Frederick C. Walcott of the U. S. Food Administration.

THAT WHICH HATH WINGS by Richard Dehan. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons, \$1.60.

A war time novel showing society before the war in its meaner aspects, and during the war transformed into something nobler. Frontispiece.

THE SAD YEARS by Dora Sigerson. New York: George H. Doran Co., \$1.25.

Poems written during the war expressing the author's great love for Ireland and the melancholy with which Ireland's fate filled her. Introduction by Katherine Tynan.

THE JOLLY BOOK OF FUNCEAFT by Patten Beard. New York: F. A. Stokes Co., \$1.50.

Clever ideas for the entertainment of children with full directions for carrying them out. All materials required are found at home or may be secured at small expenditure. A "party" for every day in the year with special features for the holidays.

JOSELYN'S WIFE by Kathleen Norris. New York: Doubleday-Page Co., \$1.40.

A woman's struggle to hold her husband against the machinations of his stepmother. Illustrated by C. Allan Gilbert.

21 by Dr. Frank Crane. New York: Doubleday-Page & Co., 50c.

The article "If I Were Twenty-one," revised, which recently appeared in a popular magazine, stating what Dr. Crane would do if he had life to live over again.

THE GHOST GIRL by H. de Vere Stackpoole. New York: John Lane Co., \$1.50.

A love story which parallels that of the heroine's ancestress, of whom she seems the reincarnation.

NOT TAPS BUT REVEILLE by Robert Gordon Anderson. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons, 50c.

Comfort for the bereaved in the thought that death is the door to something infinitely better.

HOME FIRES IN FRANCE by Dorothy Canfield. New York: Henry Holt & Co., \$1.35.

Short stories, written from the front, designed to help the French and Americans to a better understanding of each other. Second printing.

HATE WITH A WILL TO VICTORY by J. Hartley Manners. New York: Mitchell Kennerley.

A hymn of hate against the Germans, on which the author, a well-known playwright, refuses royalties. To be distributed at cost of publication.

THE PATHETIC SNOBS by Dolf Wyllarde. New York: John Lane Co., \$1.50.

A novel showing the element of pathos in snobs.

A RUNAWAY WOMAN by Louis Dodge. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, \$1.50.

The story of a woman who rebelled against monotony and her adventures in search of happiness.

CITY TIDES by Archie Austin Coates. New York: George H. Doran Co., \$1.25.

A new poet, enthusiastically introduced by Charles Hanson Towne.

AN AMERICAN FAMILY by Henry Kitchell Webster. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill Co., \$1.50.

A novel of American life—society, business, economic.

WHAT IS NATIONAL HONOR? by Leo Perla. New York: Macmillan & Co., \$1.50.

Showing the necessity for the crystallization of the concept of "national honor" if reconstruction work is to be effective. With a special preface by Norman Angell.

THE HUMAN SIDE OF ANIMALS by Royal Dixon. New York: F. A. Stokes Co., \$1.75.

An entertaining study of animal life, written in a manner to create lovers of animals. Illustrations in colors and from photographs.

HOWTOBEGOOD STORIES by Edith Cushing Derbyshire. New York: F. A. Stokes Co., \$1.50.

Amusing tales of childish faults and how the fairies intervene to cure them. Although they contain much fun they also show the dire results of misbehavior. Illustrated with page drawings.

LITTLE ALLIES by Beatrice Forbes-Robertson Hale. New York: F. A. Stokes Co., \$1.50.

Adventures in patriotism of four children whose father goes to war and whose mother takes them to live in a little cottage. Illustrated in colors. For children from six to fourteen years.

THE LITTLE HOUSE IN THE FAIRY WOOD by Ethel Cook Eliot. New York: F. A. Stokes Co., \$1.

The fairies are the wind, the trees and the flowers, which this story will make children regard as personalities. The adventures of a very human boy and a fairylike girl. Frontispiece in colors.

MEMORY by A. Newberry Choyce. New York: John Lane Co., \$1.

Poems of war and love.

SONGS TO A. H. R. by Cale Young Rice. New York: Century Co., \$1.

Love songs to a beloved wife.

MAGGIE OF VIRGINSBURG by Helen R. Martin. New York: Century Co., \$1.40.

Another story of the "Pennsylvania Dutch" telling the romance of two from the "other side."

GONE ASTRAY—LEAVES FROM AN EMPEROR'S DIARY. Anonymous. New York: John Lane Co., \$1.50.

Frankly fictitious, this book purports to set forth the emperor's ideas and opinions regarding personal, domestic and political matters from his boyhood to the present time.

RUPERT BROOKE by Edward Marsh. New York: John Lane Co., \$1.25.

Memoir by the literary executor of the poet, a close friend, consisting largely of extracts from unpublished letters and verse not included in his "Collected Poems."

THE CHILDREN OF FRANCE AND THE RED CROSS by June Richardson Lucas. New York: F. A. Stokes Co., \$1.50.

Journal of ten months' work in the Children's Bureau of the American Red Cross in France, giving an intimate account of the sorrows of the French women and children. Illustrated from photographs.

TWIN TRAVELERS IN SOUTH AMERICA by Mary H. Wade. New York: F. A. Stokes Co., \$2.

A journey around the eastern and western coasts of South America, across Brazil and Argentina, with a stay in the principal cities, described in story form in language to suit children. Illustrated.

OVER INDIAN AND ANIMAL TRAILS by Jean M. Thompson. New York: F. A. Stokes Co., \$2.

Old Chief tells marvelous tales of the bear, the porcupine, the clever hare, the giant wolf and other animal celebrities, from which Little Bear learns the lessons of loyalty, courage, unselfishness and endurance of the Indians. Eight illustrations in color by Paul Branson. For children from eight to fourteen years.

TOM AND I ON THE OLD PLANTATION by Archibald Rutledge. New York: F. A. Stokes Co., \$1.35.

Stories of the Carolina woods, showing how to hunt, fish and meet dangers resourcefully. Illustrated.

FAST AS THE WIND by Nat Gould. New York: F. A. Stokes Co., \$1.25.

A thrilling story of horses and racing, in which the mystery of a past crime and a prison escape are interwoven. Nat Gould stories are favorites with the boys in the trenches.

THE GOLDEN BOUGH by George Gibbs. New York: D. Appleton & Co., \$1.50.

A story of the German secret service in war time with the scenes laid in Switzerland and Germany and a young American as the hero. Frontispiece in color.

ON OUR HILL by Josephine Daskam Bacon. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, \$2.

Child nature interpreted for the entertainment and enlightenment of adults in stories that will entertain the children. Numerous illustrations.

OUR NAVY IN THE WAR by Lawrence Perry. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, \$1.50.

The state of the navy before the war contrasted with its present, from information gathered from authoritative sources. A record of the achievements in all branches of the navy, recruiting, building, conveying, fighting. Frontispiece.

BYWAYS IN SOUTHERN TUSCANY by Katharine Hooker. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, \$3.50.

Pen and camera pictures of Tuscany, the region near Siena, written by an enthusiastic traveler. New beauties of landscape discovered and described, with detailed accounts of those places hitherto but briefly written about in English.

FAMOUS GHOST STORIES edited by J. W. McSpadden. Boston: Thomas Y. Crowell Co., \$1.25.

Fourteen choice tales of the supernatural by famous authors, including Defoe, Scott, Gaskell, Bulwer-Lytton, Marryat, Poe, O'Brien, Hawthorne, Irving, Dickens and Kipling.

REEDY'S MIRROR

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WILLIAM M. REEDY, Editor and Proprietor

For Our "Boys"

SO many of our readers have inquired about a reduction in the subscription rate for the boys at the front that we have decided to cut it in half. REEDY'S MIRROR will be sent to anyone in the training camps or the fighting forces anywhere for one year for \$1.50. This is done in recognition of our debt to them.

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Reflections

By William Marion Reedy

Our Terms and the League of Nations

SOME there be who say the President's reply to the Imperial German Chancellor was not direct enough. Would they have our President forget his politeness even to the German war lords? Read the note! It says these things: First, "I know what you say but not what you mean. Explain!" Second, "If it's you you're talking for and not the German people I don't care what you say. You are beyond the pale of civilization—outlaws like the Bolshevik traitors and assassins." Third, "I won't parley with you until you give up your stolen goods, and this means Russia as well as Belgium and northern France." Fourth, "My terms are the only terms of peace, not a basis for negotiation. They must be accepted out of hand and the only negotiation possible is as to their application in detail." Boiled down all these things mean "unconditional surrender." Meanwhile the allied armies and ours continue to move against, over and through the works of the All Highest's forces, for the President won't trust German faith and honor in an armistice. Germany must surrender or be smashed and we will make peace finally only with the German people's duly chosen representatives. The invitation to the Hohenzollerns to get out is almost a command.

Presumably the allies approve the note and its forerunners, but Mr. Balfour says that the league of nations, posited by the President, cannot be established until the map of Europe has been changed to make the project feasible or more than a pious aspiration. There's a difficulty here. Can Mr. Balfour have in mind those secret and as yet unrepudiated treaties for the readjustment of boundaries? Ex-President Taft seems to see things as Mr. Balfour does—the necessity of European arrangements that shall be no concern of ours, for we are not in an alliance with the allies. (Does the President's "evacuation" demand include Alsace-Lorraine?) The President insists that any rearrangements consider first the welfare of the peoples concerned. The allies can conform to this. They will have to conform. Neither the allied governments nor the German government will make the peace. The people will make it or they will smash the governments. "No annexations and no indemnities," they say, but the big bill of damages must be paid. The secret treaties are in the way of the league of nations. The league must be established first with all secrecies abolished. Not only Germany but all the other belligerents must come in with clean hands.

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The Bolsheviks vs. the Burglars

THERE are before the Industrial War Board about one hundred cases of street railway corporations wanting an adjudication of demands made upon them by their employes for increased wages. The companies in almost every case take the position that they admit the workers should have more pay, but the finances of the corporations will not justify the increased expenditure for labor. Likewise in almost every case the corporations ask for the privilege or right to charge an increase of fares. In this city an increase from a five to a six-cent fare has been granted but is contested on the ground that the state Public Service Commission had no authority to make the grant, and the company, while giving a receipt for every extra penny against the contingency of the increase being declared illegal and the possibility that the pennies may have to be repaid to the patrons,

has applied to the state commission for authority to raise the fare still another cent. The case will be heard November 7. Now the state commission is not necessarily bound to consider anything the Industrial Board may say or do, but nevertheless the attitude of the national body on the question of the bearing upon wages of the finances of the corporation's paying the wages, and of the finances upon the wages, may have some attention from the state officials. What that attitude is, the reader will discover by reading the article on page 513 of this issue of the MIRROR, entitled "Wages vs. Finances" by Hon. Frank P. Walsh, joint chairman, with Hon. William Howard Taft, of the Industrial War Board. Wages for the period of the war are not conditioned by the finances of the corporations. The board wants to secure maximum production and service first. Profits are a secondary consideration. Joint Chairman Walsh's reasoning on the theory of war necessity is interesting and elucidating as well as illuminating. There is no tergiversation about it. The corporations may tell their financial troubles but they will not weigh much against just claims of workers for pay and hours calculated to produce the best results in furtherance of the war being conducted by the nation. What effect this presentation of the case will have upon the application of the United Railways for permission to charge a seven-cent fare instead of the present questionable six cents and the indisputably legal five-cent fare, I do not presume to say, but it seems that if the minds of the Missouri Public Utilities Commission work like the minds of the Industrial War Board, the seven-cent fare will not be authorized, and the capitalists interested in the United Railways will have to take it out in calling the joint chairmen, Walsh and Taft, and their associates Bolsheviks. Perhaps the straphangers of St. Louis will side with the Bolsheviks against the United Railways burglars who endeavored to defeat a referendum with a drill and a jimmy.

♦♦

General Flu

RATHER strange that the presently epidemic influenza should be called Spanish. Its characteristics are in fact quite German. However that may be, Health Commissioner Starkloff of St. Louis has met the local conditions with admirable promptitude and thoroughness of precautions to prevent the spread of the disease. Those precautions are costly to certain business interests but that matters nothing as against a plague with such an extremely high death rate among those it touches. The money loss because of the closing of places of amusement is distressing but a town left wide open to influenza would suffer as much during the prevalence of the disease as it would for the same length of time under guns like the big ones with which the Germans shelled Paris at a range of sixty miles.

♦♦

The Big Medical Feud

IF you happen to read the Journal of the American Medical Association these days, and particularly the "letters to the editor" department thereof, you will discover traces of a fine large medical feud, than which there is none more savage. You will find that the Journal's bete noir is Dr. Franklin H. Martin and that nothing the said Dr. Martin has anything to do with is any good. For example, the volunteer medical organization for war work is said to be wholly unnecessary. Recently the American Medical Association had an annual election for president. There were two candidates. Dr. Alexander Lambert, medical head of the American Red Cross in France and a

major in the Reserve Corps, was supposed to be the candidate of the element that has controlled the American Medical Association. William Clarence Braisted, a naval medical officer, was supposed to be the candidate of Dr. Martin. Braisted was flattened out by the association's steam roller, operated by Dr. George H. Simmons, the boss of the A. M. A., and though Dr. Martin was present at the meeting and war work was the theme and he is a leader in official war work, he was not given a place on the programme.

From all accounts Simmons is a real boss. He has the association organized in a detailed fashion that would excite the admiration, if not the envy, of Tammany. Whomsoever he finds in his way he crushes. To hear doctors talk about him you would imagine that he's another Dr. Francia, the dictator of Uruguay, praised by Carlyle and made the chief personage in a big novel, "El Supremo" by Edward Lucas White. Revolt after revolt he has put down ruthlessly. The fights against him have been sometimes right and often wrong. The patent medicine men tried to dethrone him but they couldn't. Even that distinguished medical polemic Dr. G. Frank Lydston, could not either write him or vote him out of power. Simmons is the medical *Pooh Bah* of this country. He has a magnificent political machine and he has the *Journal*, its official organ. The publication smashes whomsoever is in Simmons' way. For twelve years he was general secretary of the association and in that time gathered all the wires from all the states and big cities into his hands and pulled them masterfully. Naturally he has a large crop of enemies, most of whom fume impotently against him. They say all kinds of things, such as that he, the present super-ethicist, was once an advertising doctor. He certainly was once a homeopathist, in the west. In Chicago he sits in his editorial office and receives homage and issues intimations and instructions. The state medical associations are at his command.

Exactly how Dr. Simmons and Dr. Franklin H. Martin got their wires crossed I don't know. Martin is a masterful man himself. That is enough. He and Simmons were bound to clash. Dr. Martin was the editor of *Surgery, Gynecology and Obstetrics* and there was an editorial opposition to Simmons. He belonged to the A. M. A.—does yet in fact—but couldn't get ahead against the Simmons opposition. He founded the American College of Surgeons. It stands to the A. M. A. about as the Knights Templar to ordinary Freemasonry. The college is a strong organization of the strongest men in the profession in the country, and though young, its influence is greater now, in some important respects, than that of the A. M. A. It seems that when the war broke out Dr. Simmons was "asleep at the switch," concerned more with association affairs than with the portents indicating this country would have to get into the war. Dr. Martin saw what was coming. When it came he was ready with a thoroughly worked out plan of medical mobilization for the war, took it to Washington and had it accepted by the war department before Dr. Simmons woke up. As early as 1916 he was chairman of the advisory commission of the Council of National Defense, and in 1917 when we got into the war he was made chairman of the General Medical Board. Medically he is the equivalent of Bernard Baruch in the National Council of Defense. In the circumstances, the friends and followers of Simmons couldn't expect and certainly didn't get much consideration from Dr. Martin. They say that this is a Franklin H. Martin war, after Woodrow Wilson, of course. They say Dr. Martin put up Admiral Braisted for A. M. A. president to control the organization but failed. Disinterested doctors say that, without being disloyal, the Simmons machine men are co-operating only sulkily in the programme of Dr. Martin's General Medical Board. It is intimated that Simmons' doctors held back from service, though that is not true. The one fact is that Simmons' *Journal* of the A. M. A. is not wasting any great amount of space in commending

any of the activities with which Dr. Martin has anything to do. Simmonsites aver that Dr. Martin is building up a medical machine under cover of war activities and is preparing to put the American Medical Association out of business. Certain it is that Dr. Martin has eclipsed Dr. Simmons in national medical importance. He has much influence in the war department. Friends of his who have ability get every opportunity to display it. Their ability attracts attention and leads them the way to promotion and pay. They make a very forceful Martin party throughout the country and they are breaking down the morale of the Simmons organization in the national association through the state associations. But Dr. Simmons, through the *Journal* of the A. M. A., directly or indirectly, subtly or by fulmination, knocks everything that can be even suspected of bearing the label of Dr. Martin. That's why letters to the editor of the *Journal* are made the occasion for answers that disparage all Martin proposals or performances. The Simmons organization within the A. M. A. has been hard hit, but Simmons is no quitter. Neither, for that matter, is Martin. But the latter has the better of the situation. He is in the war and Simmons is, relatively, out of it, and Simmons can't go after Martin without appearing to obstruct the prosecution of the war, mere suspicion of such action being a dangerous imputation against any man however strong. Simmons is figuratively gagged and bound, while Martin has the public eye, ear and favor. The medical boss seems to be losing his grip, gradually, and he may find himself caught in an enveloping movement when Dr. Martin's clinical congress meets on October 20, in New York city, and steps are likely to be taken to establish an American College of Physicians. But "it's a very pretty quarrel as it stands." How the Christian Scientists, osteopaths, chiropractors, vibrationists and other medical and surgical heterodoxists must enjoy the spectacle!

♦♦

The Fake Boxing Game

THE Benny Leonard-Ted Lewis prize fight in New Jersey, September 23, drew \$30,000 cash. Leonard drew down \$9,772; Lewis, the loser, \$6,980. The Red Cross got nothing. The managers got the remainder. It was a "bunk" show, at Widenmayer's park, says Bat Masterson, in the *Morning Telegraph*. "Not a dozen clean blows struck in the eight rounds," he exclaims. "Can you beat it?" See what these "fighters" got, and think what the other fighters in the trenches get—\$30 per month. And what about slackers? Thirty thousand dollars' graft! "And the wolves of the game got it all. All except what the pickpockets and sure-thing bettors got. It is no exaggeration to say that every pickpocket in New York, who was lucky enough to be out of jail, was at Widenmayer's park. And every man Jack of the lot was as busy as a cranberry merchant. They were not only at the outside entrance but they were everywhere on the inside, and what an industrious gang they were. Every time the crowd was given a rush—and it got many of them—it was dollars to doughnuts that somebody lost his money, stickpin or watch. It really was amusing to see the boobs being jammed together and kept there until they were cleaned. It was indeed a great night for the pickpockets and they made the most of their opportunity. But if the pickpockets were busy, so were the ushers and a certain few who assumed to collect the government tax on the admission tickets presented. The ushers' graft consisted in grabbing off a dollar for themselves for seating the holder of a \$2 ticket in a \$7 box seat. This little scheme worked like a charm until Chairman Smith got into the ring and hollered murder-watch. Then the grab-all ushers beat it and left their victims to fight it out for themselves. The government tax collectors around the turnstile at the front gate swung on every ticket-holder that came along for a sum corresponding with the price of the ticket he held. All the money collected in this manner the collectors put in their pockets. And as few refused to kick in with the amount demanded, these collectors must have waxed fat. Graft and rascality

of every description thrived prodigiously during the entire festivities. The patriots who were devoting their energies collecting the war tax worked in a more orderly manner than did the pickpockets. These collectors made no fuss—they just took the money when it was handed to them and put it in their pockets, and if the sucker refused to come across he was allowed to go along about his business." This is the sort of thing that goes on in New Jersey under a boxing law. The fight was a punk exhibition, but the New York fight-writers said it was not that—only fast and skillful boxing. Says Masterson: "The idea of two champions missing the mark by a yard with their punches. And then to see them feinting and ducking when they were not within six feet of each other, as they frequently did during the contest, was enough to make a horse laugh." Is prize fighting an essential occupation in these war times? Are all prize fights fakes these days? Bat Masterson doesn't say so, but he seems to think the straight ones are few and infrequent. He has intimated more than once that newspaper "sport writers" are "in with the rake-off" on the fight game. They boost it by giving it publicity. They act as ropers-in for suckers. They keep the game grinding out money for pugs and managers of clubs. If Masterson is right the press needs purging.

♦♦

What's the Answer?

I CALLED upon a physician *chez nous* the other evening and waited a long time for him to come upstairs from his office. Finally he came, pretty well fagged out and threw himself upon a sofa.

"Tired?" said his wife.

"My God," said he, "here I've been working three months to keep the man I've just left alive, and on the other side they're killing men at the rate of 10,000 a day. What's the use?"

And there's another of life's big little ironies.

♦♦

Justice and Plenty of It

DR. SOLF and others in Germany are talking of their willingness to have Alsace-Lorraine made a buffer state. This is positively exquisite. Belgium was a buffer state and behold what Germany did to Belgium. Dr. Solf and others say Germany needs colonies, must get back those taken from her in this war. That is naïf. Germany's colonial government has been organized atrocity, systematic extermination of the natives. The people of the colonies are to have self-determination of allegiance under a protectorate of guardian governments *in loco parentis*. Besides, what is to be the security for the damages to and restoration of Belgium and northern France, the outrages upon neutrals? The colonies can be held for such security, in part. Germany started the war and has lost it. Is Germany to be rewarded for turning the world into a hell for four years and more? We must not become mushy-minded or sloppy-hearted about any bogus democratization of the German government. Think of the kind of war she has made, fighting foul in a thousand ways. Think of the *Lusitania*, Edith Cavell, Capt. Fryatt, the Zimmerman note, *spurlos versenkt*, the bombing of hospitals and hospital ships and churches and school houses, the destruction of fruit trees and orchards in France—and then talk of treating her as an honorable enemy. And this is written in disbelief in the vast majority of the stories of the mutilations and ravishments in Belgium. Germany should get what she so richly deserves—justice, and plenty of it. That is all she is promised in President Wilson's latest expression of war and peace purposes.

♦♦

SENATOR REED, of Missouri, is 100 per cent loyal American all right, but he's only 50 per cent democratic; he doesn't believe in woman suffrage.

♦♦

Some Dangers of Khaki Politics

SOME weeks ago I wrote a paragraph about the organization of the Great War Veterans' Association of Canada, saying that conceivably it might play as

large a part in the politics of the Dominion as the Grand Army of the Republic played in the politics of this country for half a century—and not always a commendable part, as we remember the waving of the bloody shirt and the steady swelling of the pension list. The Canadian veterans are exceedingly active. At least three periodicals have been sent me, showing that the soldiers are not going to suffer for lack of publicity. From these periodicals I gather that the soldiers want "preferential treatment." They complain that in seeking such treatment they are sent from pillar to post, from the federal government to the provincial governments and back again. They want to know "where they are at." These papers demand an increased separation allowance, claiming that the women and children of the soldiers are not being properly cared for. Neither are the men accorded their previous opportunities upon their return from the war. The opportunities and positions are handed over to many brands of aliens. Some veterans are insisting upon having soldier candidates stand for parliament everywhere. Others, wiser, do not want to press the "khaki" campaign too far; some civilians may be trusted to do justice to the men from the army. One suggestion for relieving distress of the veterans is a yearly tax of \$10 upon all men between 18 and 75 years of age who were unable to go to the war. This would raise millions of dollars to spend on the veterans. It is evident that the association knows what it wants, and has a very definite idea of the way to go about getting it. The activity of the organization suggests the reflection that we too will soon be having our soldier organizations that will put a lot of khaki into our politics. Already in elections both Democrats and Republicans are much concerned to put soldiers on their tickets. It is thought that our plan of insuring the soldiers will prevent the growth of a demand for pensions, but it will not, inevitably. There is nothing that will keep down the increment, natural enough in the circumstances, for pensions. If soldier organizations do not demand them, politicians, catering to the soldier vote, will thrust pensions upon them. There will be special cases in plenty to show that the government insurance does not work out exactly as it should. But it is not right to leave this subject for the time being, with the emphasis upon possible abuses and possible baser motives. We must take care of our soldiers and their widows and orphans and other dependents, if they are not insured. We must give the wounded preference in government positions; and get them jobs in industrial, agricultural, commercial places. There will be millions of them to take care of, and most of them will not want to go back to the land under the admirable programme laid out by Secretary of the Interior Lane. We must not fail in our duty to the returned soldier as he did not fail in his duty to us. But having said that much, I hope it is not disloyal or inconsiderate to suggest that we have to guard against evident danger in an excess of khaki politics and legislation. The pension list for 1860-65 became a huge scandal of later years. The soldier was made a political tool. Bad men rode into power on his back. National gratitude was made the victim of gross greed. We must not let such a thing occur again. Which is not to say that the men who have saved free institutions must not be dealt with in a spirit of patriotic generosity as distinct from stingy cheese-paring.

♦♦

A Case for the Labor Vote

If there be such a thing as the labor vote, it will be cast next November, for the party that has, within the past two years, done more to put into effect the policies favored by organized labor than had been done in fifty years. I hear that some labor leaders in the tenth Missouri district are talking about voting for Mr. Jacob Meeker, Republican, because he opposes prohibition. Mr. Meeker's Democratic opponent, Mr. Harlan E. Reed also opposes prohibition. Mr. Meeker's labor record, as shown by some of his votes in the house of representatives,

doesn't justify any organized labor man in forgetting that record and supporting Meeker. Anti-prohibitionism is a good thing, in my opinion, but it is not good enough to wipe out an anti-labor record and gain support for its possessor as against as good an anti-prohibitionist as he. Harlan E. Reed should be sent to congress from the Tenth district. I think he will be, though I thought he had no chance at all three months ago. His inclusion in Missouri's congressional delegation will add to its intellectual weight and striking power. If you don't think so, just read his book, "The Abolition of Inheritance." It has been an age since Missouri has had in congress a man with Mr. Reed's breadth and depth of insight into economic questions, all of which boil down into the labor-land question.

♦♦

Two Reconstruction Plans

WAR reconstruction measures have been proposed by Senators Overman and Weeks, Democrat and Republican. The first provides, in effect, that the President and his bureaucracy shall do the reconstructing; the second that congress shall more directly control the work than is contemplated in the Overman measure. The clue to the issue is given in Otto H. Kahn's address to a recent bankers' convention. The Republicans don't want so much socialized centralization as seems likely to inhere in any programme emanating from a President surrounded, as Mr. Wilson is, by so many parlor socialists. The Republicans want to save what is left of individual initiative or, as I would amend it, capitalistic initiative. The Democrats—as distinct from the President—want reconstruction with none but well-paid Democrats on guard. The President wants the work done so it will be well done, but he will incline somewhat to the socialist theory and method, with capitalism and exploitation hobbled very considerably. It seems that there is a clash about how to do the thing before there is any agreement as to the scope of the thing to be done. Senator Weeks wants, cursorily, a bipartisan joint commission of the two houses of congress, the members of each party to be chosen by the party caucus of the house and the party conference of the senate. Senator Overman wants an executive commission, subject to approval by the senate. The *Globe-Democrat*, supporting the Weeks idea, says: "It has been proven that nonpartisan or bipartisan commissions named on the initiative of a president or of a governor are usually composed of men in personal sympathy with the appointing power and consequently they do not actually represent various viewpoints." The same paper cites the President's appointments to the tariff commission and the federal trade commission as cases in point and finds fault because the membership of these bodies has not had permanence, the personnel "being switched to other work in a little while or permitted to resign to run for office." This is partisan argument, as I see it. The Democratic argument is equally so. So the matter stands—rather nebulous, with the details diffused and unprecipitated. There is no outline of what is needed to be done. So far as I know the problem is not being studied officially, as in England, France and Germany, except as Secretary of the Interior Lane has proposed a survey of lands available for the settlement by our returned soldiers. We shouldn't "go it blind" on this matter. We should proceed to find out exactly the many things we shall have to do in order to repair the general dislocation caused by the war and we must not hearken to the economy howl that will go up after the war. After we have blown in about sixty billion dollars on destruction we must not begin retrenching on reconstruction. The Republicans will be retrenchers, being "out," and they won't want big business or privilege to pay as much as they should. The President may come near to saying that business, big or little, should pay nothing, but privilege should pay all. Big business, English and American, is back of the Weeks bill. Woodrow Wilson is back of the Overman bill.

We can stand for Wilsonian reconstruction, but we hope it won't be too much mixed up with partisan Democracy, which isn't democratic by a darn site.

♦♦

An Interview

"WHAT'S the objective of your political activities to-day?"

I put the question to Colonel Roosevelt at the Jefferson hotel the other day.

"Patriotic, not political activities," he answered with his famous smile.

"Very well—patriotic, then."

"Simply this: to see that our country shall not come out of this war either Romanoff or Bolshevik."

It looks like the Colonel is to be the outstanding personality in the Republican camp in 1920. Is there another in sight? Not one, now. I think his objective as given above is a platform in itself. No other Republican has said anything so good.

♦♦

To the Colors

Look at the German names in our casualty lists and then, if you can, denounce Americans of German birth. Dr. Dernburg said, early in the war, that some millions of Germans here were ready to rally to the colors. He was right—except that he had in mind the wrong colors. Again, look at the German names in our casualty lists!

♦♦

Prince Max on Labor

PRINCE MAXIMILIAN, of Baden, Imperial German chancellor, has one curious paragraph in his address to the Reichstag, announcing the sending of a peace note to President Wilson. Here it is: "At the peace negotiations the German government will use its efforts to the end that the treaties shall contain provisions concerning the protection of labor and insurance of laborers, which provisions shall oblige the treaty-making states to institute in their respective lands within a prescribed time a minimum of similar, or at least equally efficient institutions for the security of the life and health as for the care of laborers in the case of illness, accident or invalidism." This paragraph, as a bid to allied labor parties, won't reach. "Springes to catch woodcocks." Labor is in no need of such benefits in the allied countries. It has them or is in the way of getting them. What Labor wants is a voice in government, a say as to declarations of war and a vote on policies that culminate in declarations of war. Labor wants the power in Germany to get what it wants through direct political functioning. It wants freedom, whence all good things else will flow. Labor is more than belly and pocket, as Maximilian seems to think. He should read the declaration of principles of the British Labor party—that dominates Great Britain to-day—and see that he's about three centuries behind the times. He should hear the laugh with which American Trades Unionism greets the condescending concession he would make. German Labor has long had what Prince Max refers to, but German Labor has had no voice in German government. The electoral system choked that voice. German Labor has been slave, not free, either politically or economically. Electoral reforms promised are vague.

♦♦

"That's Socialism," says Mr. Tumulty

RECENTLY the Chicago, Toledo and Northwestern railroad defaulted on certain of its obligations because the banking house of J. P. Morgan and Co. and its associates refused to advance the money to take care of the obligations for less than ten per cent. This though the property was worth very much more than the sum required. There is to be no more of this "hold up and shake down." Director General of Railroads McAdoo will come to the relief of the roads, if they cannot, after doing all in their power to obtain necessary money on reasonable terms from private sources, by lending to all such railroad companies "on safe and reasonable security at the

rate of six per cent per annum such funds as may be necessary to pay off their maturing issues of mortgage, equipment or debenture bonds." This applies to "all railroad mortgage bond issues which may mature between the present time and July 1, 1919, where railroad companies may find it impracticable to obtain money for the renewal of their maturing bonds at a rate of interest which the director general may feel warranted in approving." The director general announces that "through the war finance corporation farm loan banks, and in other ways, the powers of the government have been exercised for the stabilization of interest rates, and the prevention of excessive charges for the use of money. There is sufficient capital and credit in this country at present to meet legitimate needs, if carefully conserved and used, and there is no reason why excessive rates should be demanded where the security afforded is sound, and the character of the borrower entitles him to credit." This will stop the profiteering of the big underwriters and bankers of the east. As I read the announcement I recall that a well-known St. Louisan went to the White House three or four years ago and suggested that the government help out the railroads by lending them its credit. He saw Mr. Joseph P. Tumulty. "Why, my dear sir, that's socialism," said Mr. Tumulty.

♦♦

That Aircraft Scandal

COLONEL GEORGE HARVEY wants to know why the Hughes report upon the delays and blunders in aircraft production is withheld from publication. According to the senate report on the same subject, six hundred and fifty million dollars were thrown to the birds. It's only a slight difference in direction—to the birds rather than to the birdmen. Besides, what are \$650,000,000 when things are coming tumbling our way in the war? Let's enjoy, uninterruptedly, the good news for a while. There'll be plenty of time for the bad—even if as Colonel Harvey seems to suspect, the Hughes report is withheld because its publication now would reflect on the President's candidate for United States Senator in Michigan—Henry Ford.

♦♦

I COULD write five words that would immeasurably augment, if true, the prestige of the Wilson administration: "Postmaster General Burleson has resigned."

♦♦

FERDINAND the Fox is in the vocative. But Ferdinand the Foch is present and gloriously accounted for.

♦♦

Take Over the Street Railways

THE time has come for municipal ownership of the St. Louis street railway system. The company controlling the system will not now accept a compromise ordinance which three months ago it valued so highly that it resorted to burglary to prevent its possible rejection by popular referendum. The only way to a straightening out of the system's difficulties seems to be through bankruptcy proceedings and reorganization under city ownership. The city can afford to buy the property, minus its water. Buy it!

♦♦

A Missouri Compensation Law

MISSOURI is to have a workmen's compensation law—if the insurance companies don't kill it in the next legislature because of its provision of a state insurance fund to underwrite the liability of employers under the act. There will be three commissioners to execute the law, not more than two of them of one political party, one an employer and another an employee. The salary will be \$7,000 a year. The employers and employees will be presumed to have accepted the act's standard of compensation if they don't file notice of rejection prior to an accident. Drunkenness of an employee will relieve the employer of liability for the accident unless the employer knew of the drunkenness. After award is made and complied with the employer shall have no

further liability, but awards are reviewable by the circuit court of the county where the hearing of the court was had. In case of a death by accident the employer is to pay for 300 weeks, two-thirds of the victim's salary to his total dependents; for total permanent disability, two-thirds of the victim's salary for life; for temporary total disability, two-thirds of salary for not more than 400 weeks; for temporary partial disability, the difference between two-thirds of employee's salary and the amount he could earn by reasonable diligence. The act sets forth forty-six items for partial disability for which the employer must pay two-thirds of the employee's salary for a definite period, which is stated. These will serve as a guide for any possible injury. They specify almost every possible injury in damage value in terms of weekly pay, from loss of leg or arm down to loss of fingers and toes, and even deafness in one ear. It is said all former opposition, whether of trades unionists or capitalists has been removed. The only danger is the insurance interest, which doesn't want the state breaking into the insurance business.

♦♦♦♦

The Old Priest

By Margretta Scott

I AM old—
It is the only spring
I have not wept.
The long-desired years
For which I prayed
Have come,
Softly enfolding me
With the kindly comfort
Of an old gray shawl.
Youth has passed—
Youth that was a pain and thirst.
No more the phantom touch of woman's hands
Will drag me back
From Him I serve;
No more between the cross and me
The shameful dream of women's lips.
I am old—
Dear God, my thanks.

♦♦♦♦

Prosperity After the War

By Louis Albert Lamb

BUSINESS men naturally want to begin making plans for the resumption of normal affairs after the war. They must answer a variety of difficult questions. On every side men are asking whether the United States will be able to "gather up the fragments that remain" and find the "twelve basketfuls" of the Gospel narrative. Or will they find it necessary to start all over with pain and privation, to elaborate new bases of existence? Prosperity after the war, or intense depression? That is the most vital question, leaving aside the troublesome problem of drafting a treaty of peace.

It is probably correct to say that most people have a lurking suspicion that the end of the war will bring hard times. Americans know that the close of the civil war marked the beginning of a long and difficult period of depreciated money, prostrate industry, tottering credits, and general hardship. They know that the promises of the politicians that all would be well after "resumption," were only slowly redeemed. It is not strange that people should be apprehensive of a repetition of that programme after the present war.

Nevertheless the conditions governing commercial nations at this time are radically and fundamentally unlike those of 1865. There is great danger in the "post hoc ergo propter hoc" principle. The danger is that in accepting this principle the auto-suggestion of panic throughout the nation may tend to precipitate the thing dreaded. Fortunately, however, the war itself has done much to immunize peoples

against the virus of unfaith and despair. The conspicuous example of this therapy is France, where prior to August 1, 1914, there was what amounted to a cult of degenerescence—a kind of proud resignation to the idea that France, in the gaining of intellectual primacy, had destroyed her prepotency and prepared the way for death at the root while the flower shaft was putting forth its final, glorious crown of bloom.

Verdun, and the unspeakable heroisms of Vaux and Douaumont have quite corrected that morbid belief in *degenerescence*; and by the mechanism of telepathy, so notable in this war, all peoples have been warned of the futility and error of auto-suggestive dread and *defaitisme*. Thus we may be saved from the grievous evils of thinking panic. Economists of all schools and of all countries have been canvassing the subject for many months. It would require a new Alexandria library to contain all the statistical matter and opinions bearing on the pro and con of post-bellum prosperity.

All we know to a certainty is that the tax-bearing capacity of all peoples as demonstrated by this war exceed the most sanguine theorizing of finance ministers. In fact it may be said that this war justifies the thesis "that the contributive capacity of a modern nation is indefinitely great—greater than any hitherto assignable quantity—but conditional on the maintenance of popular confidence in the power and skill of the state."

II

The "prosperity prediction" is not a bit of pleasant guesswork. Not at all. It is as sure as saying that a man will get typhoid fever if he drinks the germs and is not immunized promptly. Let's look into the principles that govern the case.

When the war broke out all nations began to borrow prodigiously, lay tremendous taxes on the people, and buy enormous quantities of every sort of goods. The supply of everything was quickly absorbed by the governments of the world, and bidding for more carried prices to unheard of levels. Under the stimulus of such prices, production of everything was pushed to the limit, with the virtual subsidies of the government to help increase the output of things needed in war.

These supplies were bought by the government and paid for with the proceeds of the war loans, and with money created for the emergency. And as soon as the government paid for its purchases, the money thus made available was turned into new facilities for producing goods. These, in turn, were sold in a market dominated by the federal demand and at generally advancing prices.

Meantime, the nations of the world had mobilized in the neighborhood of 30,000,000 men for military service. This reduced the supply of skilled and unskilled labor at a time when the demand for labor was without precedent. Of course, wages went up rapidly. When wages go up, cost of production goes up, and market prices must go up about in the same ratio. And when labor and prices go up, the income of the people is greater and their ability to pay taxes is correspondingly increased. Hence ever-increasing taxes are levied, and more and more debts are created by the government.

Our government is spending about \$50,000,000 a day, or \$1,500,000,000 every month. This money is obtained from the people, either by borrowing their savings and giving Liberty bonds in evidence; or by taxation. This money, too, is promptly paid back to the people—for goods, in wages, in payments of all kinds. And when the people get it back they proceed to expand their business operations so that they may make more goods to sell at the ruling high prices of everything.

About 20,000,000 people have bought these Liberty bonds of the first three issues. The government is paying very liberal interest for the use of the billions it has borrowed from the savings of the nation.

Every dollar of interest a Liberty bondholder receives from the government is virtually a reduction

of his tax burden; and it is an addition to his working capital too, by the use of which he is able to augment his volume of business and his profits.

That's one reason why everybody ought to give the most liberal support to the government's financial programme.

There is little reason to doubt that taxes will continue on a very high plane for years after the war. It is equally certain that, save for temporary "slumps" due to shifting demand and supply factors in one department or another of production, commodity prices will stay high. In all likelihood the price index will advance right along, just as it has for the last nine hundred years.

The best way to lighten the burden of high taxes and high commodity prices is to insure a "draw-back" from the federal treasury, by way of interest and redemption payments on war bond holdings.

III

What assurance is there that prices will remain high? The best reason in the world. Because taxes will stay high for the liquidation of the debt. The inevitable effect of high federal taxes is to create a vast government income, or revenue, and all but a small residual of this revenue will be immediately paid back to the people as interest, as insurance payments, and for the purchase of supplies and replenishments.

Hence, the government will continue to bid keenly for goods and materials after the war, just as it is doing now. The private consumption of all materials has been much restricted by the needs of the army; but when the war is over these private users will get into the market and bid in competition with the government for supplies. This, in itself, sets up supply and demand conditions that must result in high prices for goods. An added agency tending to keep prices high will be the existence of an abnormally large amount of currency, based on federal securities and on commercial credits. A still further force tending to keep prices high will be found in the foreign exchange situation. But there is still another reason, which is more weighty and vital than all the rest.

In all probability the government debts of the world at the end of the war will be nearly or quite 300 billion dollars. Some of it will be subject to redemption or refunding at near-by dates. Some will run on for a long time.

Evidently it will be to the interests of all governments when they come to the repayment of their borrowings, that money should be as cheap as possible. The best possible way to insure depreciated money is to maintain commodity prices at a high level. The process may be aided by providing a great quantity of currency based on exchanges of goods.

If these conditions prevail, all the governments will be able to liquidate maturing war obligations (or refund them) in a most favorable money market. This, in effect, brings about a material lessening of the load of war loans without in the least impairing the rights of those who hold the government bonds.

In the United States the people constitute the government. What is good for the United States as a government is good for the people, collectively and individually.

IV

There is absolutely no way of escaping from the logic of the case, as presented:

1. Taxes will remain high.
2. Prices will remain high.
3. Labor will remain high.
4. Government purchases will hold up to the point where private consumers outbid the federal purchasing agents for the floating supply of commodities.
5. Government interest payments to many millions of Liberty bond buyers will be a universal godsend.
6. The prevalence of high prices and the inevitable depreciation of money, by making it easy for the government to effect war loan liquidations, will be of undoubted benefit to all the people.

International relations, arising from our vast loans to the allies, will throw the exchanges in our favor. Finally, the war has enabled us to cancel a large part of our liability to Europe on our securities formerly held in their "portfolios." We are clearly the creditor of all the world.

Thus, a complex chain of causes and effects, acting in our favor will bring us amazing prosperity ... if ...

If every American, by generous support of government credit, becomes the recipient of his share of the federal interest and redemption payments during the long period of "war liquidation." This is a vital factor in the maintenance of post-bellum prosperity.

Therefore, if prosperity is of any importance to you personally, insure it by lending freely to the government.



Don't Read "Folkways"

By George A. Briggs

IF a navigator unexpectedly should discover a new continent that had no place on his chart; and if thereafter he discovered that other charted continents, which he himself had previously visited, were as a matter of fact non-existent, well, in such circumstances, if the navigator developed a case of nerves, we should not be surprised—should we?

That is just what has happened to me. I have found what seems to be a new continent of truth. It wasn't on my chart. And others that were there have disappeared. Always before in almost any emergency I have had a certain degree of philosophic serenity. Now, temporarily at least, it has blown up. Others, of course, have had the same experience, so why should I kick? Perhaps I won't, for long.

It came from reading that infernally scientific book by Professor William Graham Sumner, entitled "Folkways" (Ginn & Co., Boston). Its main thesis is irrefutable, and I didn't want it to be. I was compelled to believe. It reads like the axioms of geometry.

The book deals chiefly with the habits of peoples. Those things which the people of a community or of a race habitually do, the author calls folkways. Those folkways which carry authority because they are the moral thing to do, he calls mores.

Like Henry George does in spots, Sumner takes primitive man as an illustration, and then builds up society about him piece-meal to show the trend of development.

The first task that confronts primitive man obviously is the task of living; the necessity to sustain life. He has little knowledge, no principles and very little experience. His only guide then is expediency. He does not search for some abstract, best way to do any particular thing. He is interested only in the immediate, concrete way which the need for sustaining his life demands that he discover right now.

Naturally enough in primitive communities as elsewhere, men will vary in their talents and aptitudes. In each of the various ways by which life may be sustained, therefore, it follows that someone in each particular field will excel the others. These others, being imitative and suggestible, soon adopt the easiest available way.

Out of this complex come, first, personal habits and then, social customs. The latter are folkways. Then, when the notion arises that the customary way to do any particular thing is the right way, and any departure from it is wrong, we have the genesis of morals. This moral addition to folkways creates what Sumner calls mores. This notion of the origin and nature of morals is startling. I shall be under lasting obligation if you will indicate any other rational source or basis for them.

These mores, Sumner says, are subject to two strains. One is the strain for improvement. This is true because, regardless of how firmly entrenched any or all of our mores may seem to be, nevertheless bold, sensitive and prophetic souls like Coperni-

cus, Newton and Henry George, arise from time to time to challenge them. In the long run, of course, even mores must succumb to new conceptions that are better adapted to the needs and nature of man. The process is slow because of the second strain, which is the strain for consistency. Our nature demands such consistency. It insists that our mores shall be consistent one with another, each with all and all with each. So, the modification of a single one of our mores means the need for modifying all of them to the degree that is necessary to make all of them consistent with the one modified.

To change social customs then, even as to change personal habits, is some job. Especially when they are buttressed by the moral and religious sense. And also especially when the strain for improvement is chloroformed by faith in the old order, while the strain for consistency works overtime.

To change them usually takes generations. In an emergency the best that may be hoped for is to make a very small dent. To digress for a moment, does this not partially explain why a big, brilliant truth like single tax makes such slow progress, apparently? It is opposed by the strain for consistency in the mores, while the moral sense of the day, which has indiscriminating faith in all kinds of private property, weakens the strain for improvement.

When, therefore, to resume, an age culminates, as this one has, in a cataclysm, a debacle or any other darned thing you may want to call it, and when the vast majority of men are hopelessly sunk in the habits of thought and action in which they have been bred and raised—their folkways and mores—the situation is a bit tough for uplifters like you and like me, even though we have a truth which, if adopted, will bring order out of chaos.

In such a situation it would be a glorious morphine to share Passyist's personal virtue; to be sure one is right and then to tell the world to go to hell, unless perchance, the whole world sees fit, because of one's heroic devotion to a cause, to be converted thereby.

As to martyrdom, I don't believe I should make much fuss about the fagots. The pain would be temporary. But the sheer egotism of heroic martyrdom condemns it. At least for me, after reading Sumner, there could be no other motive for martyrdom, if I practiced it.

So, having to reckon with things as Sumner shows them to be, rather than as we should like to have them, it doesn't look at first glance as though we could do a great deal. Certainly anything we do do must be done without hope of immediate success. We must get our joy out of our vision if we are to get it at all. Having the vision, we shall of course work for it. We can't help doing that. But how?

Don't you see how Sumner has played hob with all my natural tendencies? I like to denounce, condemn the other fellow, and to demand my own way. But Sumner insidiously takes all the joy out of life. He leaves you no one to swear at. Our path is blocked not by people but by a big bundle of mores that binds us all. Some of us are bound more tightly in one place and some more tightly in another, but all of us are bound. None may escape except as all escape. And escape for a generation of persons is possible only to a degree that is infinitesimal, except as it acquires dignity and importance as an integral part of the long sweep of the ages.

All these things are poison to our personal ambitions, regardless of how altruistic those ambitions may be; personal salvation is mirage; intolerance, even when altruistically motivated, accomplishes no good purpose and hurts most him who has it; asceticism and martyrdom are cheap, theatric and pointless; to make logic the line of cleavage between folks is absurd. The only tools indeed that seem adapted to the purpose of rationalizing our mores are wisdom, universal sympathy and humility of spirit. But while I want to be wise, I don't want to be sympathetic with people I don't like, or whose convictions oppose mine. And I'll be darned if I want to be humble.

Don't read "Folkways." You may do so and recover, but you'll never be the same.

Furor Patrioticus

By Charles B. Mitchell

THERE are many products of the laboratory of nature which are both remedies and poisons: strychnine, for instance. It is the overdose that kills. The same principle is manifest in the moral life of humanity. The virtues and the vices are closely related to each other. Moderation or excess makes all the difference in the world.

Chastity overemphasized leads to monastic asceticism. Thrift carried to the last extreme creates the miser. Positiveness of character and physical courage, both qualities of the utmost value, especially in such troubled times as these, are overdeveloped in the bully. Almost everybody believes that optimism is one of the cardinal virtues, and yet Professor William James accused Edward Everett Hale of having cultivated optimism to a pathological point. Every genuine American believes in patriotism, preaches it, cultivates it, and is ready, if necessary, to lay down his life in its holy cause; but there is a mental and moral disease abroad among us, threatening to become an epidemic, which can only be named *Furor Patrioticus*.

If this war were destined to last forever, there would be no point to a discussion and diagnosis of this disease. As long as we are still engaged in the strife, the patriotism which has become a craze and the patriotism which is clear-eyed and sane manifest themselves in practically the same way, and fulfill the same purpose. But when the war is a thing of the past, passion will need to be supplanted by the utmost degree of wisdom, if we are to have such a settlement of the issues involved as shall give no logical ground for any renewal of strife in the future; and the victim of *Furor Patrioticus* will still be howling when he ought to be quietly thinking.

Lest I be thought to be trying to qualify myself for a cellmate of 'Gene Debs, let me say that I am heartily in favor of continuing the war until Germany is whipped to a frazzle. We have got to whip Germany until she asks for peace; and then go on pounding her until she screams for it; and then go on until she can't speak. Then we can grant her decent peace terms, and show her the difference between scientific savagery and Christian civilization.

Believing that we need to avoid this *Furor Patrioticus* as we would small-pox, if we are to be able to fight this war through to victory and then achieve a lasting peace, I should like to point out a few of its recently-manifested symptoms.

The American people are temperamentally inclined to extremes. Whatever we are deeply interested in, we immediately get hot about. We discover the need for temperance and go hog-wild for prohibition. We realize that there are serious evils in our social and industrial conditions, and proceed to organize the I. W. W. *Furor Patrioticus* is, therefore, a disease to which we are constitutionally predisposed, and against which we need to be vaccinated, if any effective serum can be found. The only effective one I know of is a clear and emphatic warning. This will be best conveyed to us by the study of the symptoms I refer to, the first of which is the widespread popular demand of a few months ago that German language and literature should be banished from the curricula of all our American educational institutions.

The recent request of the War Department that the study of German should be emphasized in those institutions having Student Army Training Corps will put the Maxim silencer on this cry. But we may see ourselves as others see us by comparing the demand referred to with the attitude of English business men on the same subject. England certainly has no cause to love Germany. Our sufferings at the hands of the Hohenzollern empire cannot yet be compared with those of our British cousins. Wilmington has not yet been bombarded by a German fleet. New York has not yet been bombed by the Zeppelins. We have not yet seen thousands of our soldiers come back physical wrecks from the calcu-

lated and scientific barbarity of the German prison-camps.

And yet English business men can keep their heads level, even in the midst of deadly strife. The business interests of Manchester put themselves on record in the negative at once when some lonesome enthusiasts began a crusade against teaching German. "We have to compete with Germany in trade again," they said, "when peace returns. The Germans will know our language. Why should we handicap ourselves by ignorance of theirs?"

Another significant symptom of *Furor Patrioticus* appeared recently in the columns—of all papers—of the *Kansas City Star*. Not so long ago that famous old newspaper was suspected of pro-Germanism. But it has cleared itself now, by its denunciation of "Robinson and Beard's History of Europe," which is being used as a high school text book in Kansas City. An indignant "Subscriber" wrote a letter to the *Star*. The *Star* began an investigation, probably reading the book for the first time. As a result, "it appears that the public schools of Kansas City have been teaching German propaganda for a year without anybody knowing it." And, as one specimen of the "German propaganda," the following language is cited from the offending text: "Germany, in the effort to strike quickly at France, invaded Belgium. Then England, too, declared war on Germany."

If everybody in the United States over twelve years old did not know this statement to be gospel truth, I should be inclined to believe it on the authority of Professor James Hervey Robison, of Columbia University. I would back him for historical knowledge, against the *Star*, with every cent of my money. And where the German propagandism is concealed, in that innocent statement of fact, I am unable to discover. No wonder nobody knew it was there. But the explanation of the *Star's* uneasiness comes out towards the close of the article I have been quoting from. There is a notation that Professor Robinson received the degree of Ph.D. from Freiburg, in 1890.

Commenting on this fact, the *Star's* unnamed "Subscriber" says, "A German trained mind was an unwitting German propagandist." In other words, Professor Robinson is convicted of pro-Germanism by the fact that he studied in Germany. The simplest statement of historic fact, coming from a man who holds a German degree, must inevitably and infallibly contain some hidden significance, hostile to American interests and the American cause. The truth cannot be studied in the schools of Kansas City, if it happens to have been written by a man who knows anything of Germany. The *Star* informs us that the book is being re-written for the approval of the National Council of Defense. Will the revised version inform us that Belgium attacked Germany?

In the local newspaper of the city of my residence, a few Sundays ago, appeared an article by a Methodist minister on "The Church and the War." In the course of it, he denounces "German rationalism" as the enemy of the orthodox faith, and argues that the war against Germany is a struggle for the cause of Christ. Here again the *Furor Patrioticus* gets in its deadly work. And in this case, as in each of the others I have cited, the germ from which the disease developed was ignorance.

"German Rationalism?" There isn't any form of thought, except, perhaps, the lunacy of Nietzsche, Treitschke and Bernhardt, which has its home in Germany. Everything else in German thought is borrowed. She borrowed scepticism from the French Descartes. She borrowed pantheism from the Dutch Spinoza. She borrowed the Higher Criticism, by way of France, from the English deists; and borrowed her evolutionary theories from the English Darwin. But, of course, they are all vile and contemptible, because Germany has borrowed and used them. Truth becomes error, when Germany preaches it. Discussion is unnecessary, if a theory can be denominated "German."

It is amusing to read such stuff from the pen of a

Methodist minister, if one remembers how deeply John Wesley was influenced, at the beginning of his apostolic career by the Moravian Zinzendorf.

Let me return, now, to the points I touched on before citing these examples, viz., the importance of avoiding this disease, and the means of prevention or cure. The first point can be best emphasized by calling attention to the two-fold nature of our task. We have to whip Germany to a frazzle. She must be left under no illusions as to her power to dominate the world. Her swelled head must be reduced to the point where she will be willing to take an humble and repentant place in the family of nations. This task demands passion, enthusiasm, sacrificial consecration, red-hot determination. The hotter the better. The more determined the better. So that the passion is not allowed to get beyond our control.

And then we have to make peace with Germany. We propose to dictate that peace at the point of the sword. Germany has made it necessary that we should carry the struggle to such an extremity. But in the past, it has often been the case that a treaty which ended one war was an invitation to another. When Germany took Alsace-Lorraine from France she doomed herself and Western Europe to the war of 1914. When the congress of Berlin re-established Turkey, assured the sultan of the protection of England and Germany, robbed Russia of her victory, handed Bosnia and Herzegovina to Austria, took Bessarabia from Roumania and thwarted the national aspirations of the Bulgars, it was written in the decrees of Fate that when the great war came, it should draw into its bloody maelstrom the east as well as the west.

We want no treaty which will be the sprouting-place of future wars. And it will demand the highest order of intelligence, the calmest wisdom, to avoid such an issue. The American people will need all the intelligence they can muster, to meet that supreme demand. Patriotism is compatible with sanity. It can recognize facts, and recognize when the facts of the situation have changed. Patriotism can do all this: the *Furor Patrioticus*, the "patriotism" born of ignorance and prejudice, and in bondage to sulphurous adjectives, will never be able to stand the test.

The best serum, I said in the beginning of this article, for protection against this disease, is a warning concerning its character and consequences. If one has already developed the symptoms, knowledge is the only cure.

♦♦♦♦

Songs of the Unknown Lover

(Copyright, 1918, by William Marion Reedy.)

VI

BOOK TWO

"If only it be you!"

BOUND

I SHOULD not find the pain so hard to bear,
Of lying bound upon the world,
If only daily there were birds, like yours,
Prometheus,
To tear from me
This unquenched heart.

♦

ANTHROPOPHAGI

If I might see twelve negroes in procession,
Carrying each of them a rib of you,
And an Albino woman bearing your collar-bone
First in her right hand, then in her left,
And touching her forehead with it, at slow intervals,
Might I not be too comforted
To weep?

If my love had only consumed you,
Not left you unconsumed,
Might not the moon have silvered me with content
Like the long edges of palms?

STONES

I wonder how it happens
I was made
A foe of agate
And a friend of jade,

Yet have become,
Unwisely I'm afraid,
The friend of agate
And the foe of jade—

So that I wish, by dying,
To be made
Careless of agate,
Careless of jade.



DEATH

Shod in little winds,
Or leaves, or snow,
My feet shall drift across the moonlight

How plumed they were with direction
In those other days
How winged with mirth!—

But soon they shall drift
And be still.



THE PAGODA

Into the café comes the blind man again;
Seeing the room with his feet,
And smiling with his cane
At what we think we see.

He climbs an infinite pagoda,
Each hour a new roof
Tinkling to his touch.
He breathes incense
And a star is set in each palm
And in his heart a vase
For dew.



THE FEAST

Blue peas
Are set in rows
In pods of lapis lazuli
When gods eat,
And oysters
Are crimson and singing
From the sea—
And the very hearts of humming-birds
Are black as a storm
In summer.



DICE

I threw the dice with Death,
I won.
Again I won.
Death only smiled. . . .

But so did the deep-bosomed toad,
And the birch
Winked its pencilled eyes.



EPITAPH

From my hearse of winter,
From my coffin of you,
I start up and wave my hand
And change my ceremony—
For spring has returned, deep curtseying
In the shape of a tree.
And I hear a robin chuckling.

(To be continued)

The Irritating Mr. Burgess

By Vincent Starrett

FEW authors make me angrier than Mr. Gelett Burgess. He is one of the most irritating persons now following the writing trade. With the ability to do fine things, he persists in writing quickly, carelessly, at times almost slovenly. It is an unpardonable thing in a man of authentic talent.

Back in those glad, mad, bad, sad days of the eighteen-nineties, Mr. Burgess was a ring-leader in a literary renaissance on this side of the Atlantic that all but paralleled the glittering pageant in Europe. As one of the editors of *The Lark* (poor Doxey, who published it, died only a short time ago), put forth by *les jeunes* of San Francisco, then the American Bagdad, he produced a quality of improbable fiction that had much of the charm of, and was confessedly patterned after, Stevenson's "New Arabian Nights." He wrote quantities of sparkling verse in the French forms (since collected in a delightful volume called "A Gauge of Youth") and disclosed a fancy as vivacious and unbridled as the Parisians. In practically every department of literary endeavor, he cut grotesque capers with twinkling heels, carrying off everything with an air of insouciance that was irresistible.

Gone with his youth, I fear, are these delightful pleasantries.

There is nothing timely about this paper. No new Burgess volume has come from the press to tempt these sad recollections of other days; the latest, I believe, is some years of age and was—alas!—something of a "best seller." And yet, it is the later works of this author that prompt these remarks; I have been looking them over and thinking how good they might have been!

Take, for instance, his cyclical novel—cyclical isn't quite the word, but it will do—"Find the Woman." There is a book so nearly good that it almost moves one to tears in the realization thereof. As in the tales of the Cigar Divan, one progressive narration is achieved through the telling of a number of sprightly *contes*, each complete enough in itself and yet each hinging definitely upon the other for the ultimate denouement. There are flights of fancy in it that suggest the Burgess of old, the immortal Gelett who wrote "Vivette" (acquit me, please, of an intentional rhyme), and humorous touches that tickle the risibilities to ecstasy. Who but Burgess, for example, could achieve so whimsical a conceit as that of the colored boy at the helm of the apartment building "lift," reading "Middlemarch" and laying it reluctantly aside to waft his passengers to the upper floors?

There are at least a dozen flashes just as inimitable, and some of the incidental tales are excellent, but for the most part the humor is of the slangy sort and therefore a bit cheap. Why should Mr. Burgess employ slang at all? The fact that it is in general use these sordid days is not reason, for this is no more a modern book than is "Don Quixote" or "The Thousand and One Nights." It is modern only in its chronological and geographical features; change the names, dates and places and the tale is mediaeval—as it should be. Stevenson, too, employed modern settings, but the tone of his writing (in his Arabian paraphrases) is thoroughly antique; his *Smiths* and *Joneses* are *Husseins* or *Dom Pedros* in frock coats and silk tiles, their conversation no more the talk of the hour than the Songs of Solomon.

In a book of this sort it is a mistake for characters to talk as they do in life; the book becomes a paradox. The story is thoroughly, charmingly unreal to begin with—no one would have it otherwise—and touches actual conditions seldom indeed, and then only to satirize and caricature. Why, then, make the persons of the play living persons? In the books of Theodore Dreiser people are "peepul," and there is no fault to be found on that score; in the holiday performances of Stevenson (the most typical man in the field under discussion) they are—and where they are not, they should be—shadows, marionettes, utter-

ing perfumed phrases and specious epigrams at every tug at the wire. Where the charm of a story is its unreality, the perfection of unreality would seem to be the highest art.

We have come a long way from "Find the Woman," perhaps. It is hardly deserving of too serious consideration, eminently readable though it is. The point is, if Mr. Gelett Burgess had cared to give a year to its manufacture, instead of—as I suspect—a couple of months, it would have been a better book, more deserving of an accusation of derivation from its greater brethren, the "New Arabian Nights," "The Dynamiter," and Machen's "The Three Imposters."

Even "Vivette" did not quite stack up with Stevenson, of course, but it was a diverting and amusing echo, unashamedly imitative and dedicated, indeed, to Mrs. R. L. S., then living in or near California, and worshipped by *les jeunes*. The sub-title of the little book (now at a premium) reads as follows: "The Memoirs of the Romance Association: Setting forth the diverting Adventures of one Richard Redforth in the very pleasant City of Millamours: how he took Service in the Association: how he met and wooed the gay Vivette: how they sped their Honeymoon and played the Town: how they spread a mad Banquet, of them that came thereto and the Tales they told: of the Exploits of the principal Characters, and especially of the Disappearance of Vivette." I defy anyone to read that and then not want to read the book.

It was the maddest thing imaginable, as mad and irresponsible as a kitten or a mountain stream; as mad and irresponsible as the moment in literary history that gave its birth, the *fin de siècle* renaissance (or decadence, as you please) that turned England, France and America into a three-ring literary circus to the tune of "Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ay!"

"I doubt if I ever have recaptured that first, fine, careless rapture of youth," wrote Burgess about this book, or words to that effect. It is true, but he has come so almighty close on one or two other occasions that I, for one, choose to be angry about it.

In collaboration with Will Irwin, another Californian, Burgess wrote two books in the same picaresque vein. Neither was as good as "Vivette;" both were better, I think, than "Find the Woman." But in "Find the Woman," Burgess, without a collaborator, came nearer to rewriting "Vivette," for even while he failed he seemed more in the swing and lilt of the thing. "The Reign of Queen Isyl" and "The Picaroons" are better, but the vein is not quite the same. In "The Picaroons," in particular, the modernity of the dialogue is more permissible (slang is O. K. in its place), and "The Reign of Queen Isyl" really is more of a modern New Orleans *mardi gras* than it is a sixteenth century pageant.

Too, in a book called "Lady Mechante," Burgess aims at his early standard, and in a volume of whimsical essays entitled, generally, "The Romance of the Commonplace," he is only fairly successful; in both cases one has the feeling that the author has lost something that he is striving to regain. The "something," of course, is that "first careless rapture" to which Burgess refers. . . .

Discussion of his entertaining nonsense books (he is the creator of the "Goops") and his contributions to our American vocabulary in "Are You a Bromide?" is outside the province of this paper. They neither add to nor subtract from his stature.

Perhaps it is unfair to expect a man to repeat his finest performance, or—arresting thought!—perhaps it is I who have lost that early rapture. Perhaps it is still in Burgess' pages and I, grown old in wickedness and Anatole France, fail to find it! But no, I have his own confession; and I have seen his very latest works—"The White Cat," and other popular novels of the "best seller" order. Let us be grateful, at any rate, for what we have; for Burgess' realization of his failings. Even at his worst, he is frequently head and shoulders above the average entertainer.

But, as I have suggested, few authors make me angrier than Mr. Gelett Burgess.

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Midnight

MIDSUMMER, 1918

By Elizabeth R. Hunt
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The old Black Forest cuckoo clock
Cries midnight from the distant room
That used to be a nursery.
We loved its mimic note
When we were children, long ago.

The French clock in the drawing-room
Breaks in upon the lingering count
To ring the hour defiantly
Under its crystal dome.

The hall clock follows,
Its cathedral bell subdued
As if by distance,
Like Big Ben himself in Westminster.
Before it strikes, it chimes the Cambridge quarters:

Lord—for—this—hour—
Be—Thou—our—guide—
So—by—Thy—power—
No—foot—shall—slide.

And then a clock strikes somewhere
loud and hard
For all the house to hear.
A native timepiece this,

Exploding every morning with a furious
alarm
To rouse belated sleepers.

Midnight in midsummer!
Earliest dawn will glimmer soon.
But stay!
By the old, peaceful, ante-bellum reck-
oning,
Midnight is still an hour away.
The night has just begun.
It is not even yet that darkest time
That comes before the dawn.

O, it is a weary while,
In this unwonted year of grace,
From midnight to the break of 'day!
Again and yet again
Out of the deep mysterious darkness
sounds the cry:
Lord—for—this—hour—
Be—Thou—our—guide—

♦♦♦

His wife had followed him across to be
a Red Cross nurse. During a bit of
German strafing he fell wounded and
woke up several hours later in a field
hospital. His wife was bending over
him. "Ain't that just my luck, Jenny,"
he murmured. "With all the pretty
nurses there are over here to look after
the soldiers I had to draw you."

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Letters From the People

Single Tax Prospects in California

Marsh-Strong Building,
Los Angeles, Cal., Oct. 2, 1918.

Editor of Reedy's Mirror:

I wonder if you will be interested in a few lines about the California single tax campaign now about under full swing! "I can speak only from the viewpoint of a resident of southern California.

Those in active charge of the campaign under the alluring heading "Great Adventure" are, to my way of thinking, doing splendid work, and under very unfavorable conditions, i. e., lack of funds, for although the anti-single tax league backed by the "big" interests, including the leading bankers (all big business in southern California is directly or indirectly interested in land speculation) advertise that the single taxers have a cam-

paign fund of \$100,000, the facts are that they are having a terrific struggle to get out anything. While they have many contributions, they are all, or most of them at least, very small—probably the average is less than \$5. The workers receive no compensation in money and the expenses are kept at a minimum, but even so they cannot make ends meet.

The single tax slogan, "Release the idle acres, or Slacker acres, to help win the war" is making its impress. There are twenty million idle acres in this state. The antis say but a small part of the idle land is of any value. If that is so, why all this fuss to hang onto it? No answer to that, apparently. In Kern county, which has a population of about 47,000, four-fifths of the tillable land is owned by four land companies, which pay about one-fifth of the expenses of government, while the 46,996 people owning one-fifth pay four-fifths of the expenses. These facts are being brought before the voters

by the "Great Adventurers," but, through lack of funds, inadequately.

The banking interests seem to be solidly lined up to defeat the single tax amendment. Their cry is that the single tax would destroy the value of land, impair the securities held by the banks and "work heartrending results to every bank depositor and stockholder in the state." They make no effort to explain and advance no arguments but content themselves with making such bald statements and in vilifying all single taxers as anarchists, Bolsheviks, pro-German (the president of the anti-single tax league stated in a public speech that single tax was of German origin) and the like. They do not stop to consider that nothing but the activities of the population can effect the use value of land, nor that, if their statements are correct as to the effect of single tax on banking are true, then they have been loaning their depositors' funds on fictitious values.

There is not a newspaper that I know of in southern California, except the *Citizen*, a labor paper of Los Angeles, and the *Record*, one of the Scripps papers, that will give a line of publicity of a favorable nature to the single tax movement, while the papers of large and supposedly influential circulation never lose an opportunity to decry the movement and damn all those who espouse it.

"It is a hard game," but at that I believe there is a fair chance of carrying the state this fall. If the amendment does not carry, it will be because of the stand against it by the banks and such men as Leslie M. Shaw who is to stump the state against it. As far as I have seen, Mr. Shaw merely vilifies, but because he was once secretary of the treasury and once the governor of a state (Iowa), his word has weight, just as people for some unaccountable reason believe a banker, not because he knows; not because he is more honest or more truthful; not because he is wiser than other men, but simply because he is a banker.

Well! here's hoping! The fight here will be carried by the single taxers to the bitter end and all those who are looking to California will know they have had a "run for their money."

HENRY A. COIT.

A Good One, in French

St. Louis, Oct. 7, 1918

Editor of Reedy's Mirror:

Apropos some remarks in the current number concerning the "corruptions" of Rome, here is a good one from a French Roman Catholic source.

A certain Protestant lady tending towards Catholicism, was spending the winter in Rome, and, shocked by what she deemed the wickedness in high places, told a French bishop that she had changed her mind and would not become a Catholic.

Whereupon His (French) Grace remarked: "*Madame, il ne faut pas regarder de si près, la cuisine du Bon Dieu.*"

How's that for a quick riposte from orthodoxy?

W. B. P.

Wages vs. Finances

By Frank P. Walsh

Joint Chairman National War Labor Board

In many cases presented to the war labor board the attorneys and representatives of the employing corporations urge that, regardless of the essential fairness of any wage increase that might be awarded by the board, the financial condition of the concerns would be impaired thereby and that the board should consider this possible result in fixing rates of wages for the workers.

Under the principles and policies to govern relations between workers and employers in war industries for the duration of the war, as adopted by the government in conformity with the proclamation of the President of date April 8, 1918, the powers and duties of the board are clearly defined.

The underlying object of its creation is that "the maximum production of all war industries should be maintained." To this end, therefore, of course, all existing wage standards must be maintained. Where wages were fixed by contract between organized groups of employers and employees, and the same are found by the board to have been fair at the beginning of the war, it becomes the duty of the board to ascertain, by careful investigation and research, the increased cost of living, as well as the advance, if any, which would ordinarily and naturally come about in times of peace, which sums must be added to the pre-war wage.

Where wages, however arrived at, are found not to have been fair and adequate at the time our country entered the war, proper basic standards are established, to which the last foregoing elements of increase are added.

Supplementary to these considerations, it may be noted that the President's proclamation also imposes the following definite and specific direction upon the board:

"In fixing wages, minimum rates of pay shall be established which will insure the subsistence of the worker and his family in health and reasonable comfort."

This provision, it has been found in experience, required a substantial increase in the wages of all of the common laborers which have come within the jurisdiction of the board, with the possible exception of building laborers and a few other industries. The evidence in many cases shows that numbers of skilled and semi-skilled mechanics also, by right, invoked the principle of the living wage on account of the inadequacy of their compensation to meet this just requirement of the government.

Giving effect to the foregoing duties and limitations imposed upon it by the proclamation of the President, the board, after mature deliberation, in a large number of cases unanimously applied the foregoing rules and principles, and accordingly held that the financial condition of the employing corporations was entirely irrelevant under the principles proclaimed by the President, and would not be considered if proposed increases of pay to workers were just and proper.

Obviously, to have regard to outside

considerations, such as are involved in the claim of financial inability to pay, might entirely defeat the wage-fixing function of the board by proof that even a fair wage could not be paid to employees without financial detriment, or that a minimum rate of pay, "insuring the subsistence of the worker and his family in health and reasonable comfort," would be confiscatory.

If a workman engaged in an essential industry is expected to perform his part uninterruptedly in necessary war production, it will not do to say to him, upon presentation of his just demands, that the tremendously increased expense of fuel and raw materials has been taken into account by his employer and paid in full, but that the legitimate increase in the cost of labor must be ignored, even though it means deprivation and suffering to him, to say nothing of the menace to his family life; or, that his employer has not looked ahead to the inevitable rise in labor cost as he has to the cost of fuel and materials, and that the worker must bear the burden of this lack of foresight; or, that the employer has entered into fixed contracts, based in part upon the rate of wages being paid at the time of the making of the contracts, thus relieving the consumer of the legitimate addition to the cost of the product on account of the war and again thrusting the burden upon the underpaid worker; or, that the workers should be called upon (a) to use up his pre-war savings, (b) to take his children out of school and place them in industry, (c) or to receive aid from charitable and benevolent sources

for the upkeep of himself and his family while the war is being prosecuted.

A state of war is recognized by all as an "extraordinary emergency," and this is true even though it extends over a very great period of time. And it is an emergency which calls, among other and mightier changes, for revision and reformation of contracts, the readjustment of prices to the consumer, and changes of the most fundamental character in the organization and operation of industry, even to the commandeering and control of private enterprises by the government itself, when found necessary and expedient.

To prevent injustice, the board, where substantial increases have been made, has unhesitatingly recommended increases in the rates of public utilities, as well as price readjustments in existing contracts with the government or private individuals or corporations, so that the ultimate consumer might not shift the burden, fairly his, to the back of the worker or his employer.

Moreover, another argument frequently urged by employers, i. e., that the amount of increase in wages is added directly to the expense of the concern and must result in an equal diminution of profits, is in the main, fallacious.

It is based upon the assumption that the employer is to pay a higher price for the identical character and the same amount of service. That this assumption is erroneous has been conclusively proven by many generations of industrial experience. Workers who are ill treated by their employers and not sufficiently



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Hess & Culbertson
Seventh and St. Charles

Famous and Barr Co

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The Bigger, Better Store



The Costume Salon, Surely

¶ Certainly, no other apparel store elsewhere in the city is quite as complete in its showing of the new, individual and authoritative modes in Fall and Winter Frocks, Suits and Wraps.

¶ The prices too, vie with style for first attention, for equally as much has our supremacy been established by value-giving as by style accuracy.

¶ Always to have the frock for the occasion has been the unceasing effort. For street wear there are stunning dresses, tailored of Duveltyne, Suede Velour, Military Twill, Tricotine and Serge. Some severely plain, others beautifully embroidered and braided, as well as many richly trimmed with furs.

¶ Then for afternoon and semi-dress occasions, lovely gowns of Velvet, Velvet and Georgette combinations, Kitten's Ear Satin, Tricolette and Crepe Elizabeth, stunningly fashioned in neat braided and embroidered modes.

¶ The assemblage of suits and wraps includes plain tailored models, as well as handsome garments trimmed with fur, embroidery and braid.

¶ There seems to be an unending variety of materials, embracing Duveltyne, Evora, Silvertone, Suede Cloth and the always serviceable Oxford Velour.

¶ Altogether, the showing is one remarkably complete in every detail, assembled with a view toward meeting the needs of the times.

Costume Salon—Third Floor.

Famous and Barr Co.

Entire Block: Olive, Locust, Sixth and Seventh Sts.

We Give Eagle Stamps and Redeem Full Books for \$2.00 in Cash or \$2.50 in Merchandise—Few Restricted Articles Excepted.

Largest Distributors of Merchandise at Retail in Missouri or the West.

compensated to enable them to maintain a high degree of efficiency, render one kind of service, usually poor and halting. Employees who are adequately paid, hence in sound physical condition and mentally alert, render an entirely different and improved quality and amount of service. Experience has proven that the increase in the amount of service rendered and its improved quality compensates, if it does not entirely offset, the increase in the mere monetary wage.

Some of the largest of our nation's industries have in the past voluntarily made large increases in wages, against the protests of business competitors, associates, and even economists, the prediction being that the effect would be the financial prostration of the industry. The immediate and practical results, however, completely refuted these forebodings, for the expense per unit of product was materially decreased as a result of better service rendered, and the profit of the employer showed corresponding increases.

Contributing to this beneficial result may be mentioned, among other factors, the immediate decrease in the "turn over," which means the constant hiring of vast numbers of workers to take the places of those who leave the

employment, unable to continuously maintain themselves and families on an insufficient wage.

It is conceded by all enlightened employers of labor that there is not only a large direct cost in training new recruits in an industry, but that there is a marked diminution of product due to the induction of new and untrained workers into a manufacturing plant. A comparison between an industry which maintains a steady and efficient labor force by providing equitable conditions of employment and an industry in which the labor force is constantly shifting because of inadequate wages or other onerous conditions, would, we believe, show the same differences in efficiency as would appear in the comparison of a well-fed, well-drilled, carefully equipped army of veterans, and a collection of nondescript troops for whose subsistence, equipment, training and general welfare no governmental provision had been made.

For the government to adopt the suggestion of employers that the state of their finances should be considered in fixing wages would be, in many instances, to abandon large sections of its industrial army to the ravages of poverty, with its inevitable train of ills

and sufferings, a policy unthinkable if we are to win the war of freedom for the world, which we must and will.

♦♦♦

The Smith Factory

The young Cuban lady spoke English well but she had never traveled in the United States until last month. When the train passed a big building on which was painted, "Smith Manufacturing Co.," she gurgled with delight: "So zis ees where zey make de Smids—Walter Flegger, Aasgoo' an' de res!"—*Times of Cuba.*

♦♦♦

Here's a yarn that Dr. John M. Sims, British army chaplain, once told: "A father said to his little son, who was naughty, 'Look here, Freddie, if you don't say your prayers you won't go to heaven.' 'I don't want to go to heaven,' sobbed the small boy. 'I want to go with you and mother.'"

♦♦♦

Two visitors at Nice, cutting short their stay by dying, were committed to the charge of the same undertaker. One was a lady from London, the other a general high in command in the Russian army. The bodies, duly coffined, were dispatched to their destinations, one to

London, the other to St. Petersburg. On the arrival of the former the bereaved relatives, opening the coffin in order to obtain a last view of the lamented aunt, were amazed at the discovery of a general in full uniform. They telegraphed to the undertaker at Nice, who, with many apologies for the mistake, sent them the names and addresses of the general's friends in St. Petersburg. They communicated full particulars without loss of time, and received the following reply: "Your aunt buried to-day with full military honors. Dispose of the general as you see fit."

♦♦♦

"You know there are spots on the sun," he remarked as they lounged on the beach. "Well," replied the summer girl, "I'm glad the old thing has a few freckles himself and can see how he likes it."—*Boston Transcript.*

♦♦♦

Some years ago a London broker, who was a German Jew, had his hat tipped over his face in fun by a brother broker. He took it in good part, but when the other attempted to repeat the trick the victim drew back and, raising his hand, he said austere: "Look here, mine friend, to play I do not mind some-dimes; but always, nefer."

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Poilu

By Stuart M. Emery, A. E. F.

You're a funny fellow, *poilu*, in your
dinky little cap
And your war-worn, faded uniform of
blue,
With your multitude of haversacks
abulge from heel to flap
And your rifle that is 'most as big as
you.
You were made for love and laughter,
for good wine and merry song,
Now your sunlit world has sadly gone
astray,
And the road to-day you travel stretches
rough and red and long,
Yet you make it, *petit soldat*, brave
and gay.

Though you live within the shadow,
fagged and hungry half the while,
And your days and nights are racking
in the line,
There is nothing under heaven that can
take away your smile,
Oh so wistful and so patient and so
fine!
You are tender as a woman with the tiny
ones who crowd
To upraise their lips and for your
kisses pout,
Still, we'd hate to have to face you when
the bugle's sounding loud
And your slim, steel sweetheart *Rosa-
lie* is out.

You're devoted to mustaches which you
twirl with such an air
O'er a cigarette with nigh an inch to
run,
And quite often you are noticed in a
beard that's full of hair,
But that heart of yours is always
twenty-one.
No, you do not "parlee English," and
you find it very hard,
For you want to chum with us and
words you lack;
So you pat us on the shoulder and say,
"*Nous sommes camarades*,"
We are that, my *poilu* pal, to hell and
back.
—From the "Stars and Stripes," Friday,
September 6, 1918.

♦♦♦

"I want to have a tooth drawn," an-
nounced the small boy with the steel-
gray eye, "and I want gas." "You're too
young to have gas, my little man," said
the dentist. "Besides, I'm sure you
aren't afraid of being hurt. Sit still and
be a man." "It isn't that at all," said
the boy, "but I'm afraid I shall not be
able to help giving a bit of a squeal when
it comes out." "Well, that won't matter
at all," said the dentist. "I'm sure I
shall not mind." "No, but I shall. Look
out of that window." The dentist looked
and saw a lot of grinning lads standing
under the window. "They're all the kids
I've fought and licked," said the cus-
tomer, "and they've come to hear me
holler."

♦♦♦

President Neilson of Smith college,
whose humor is much enjoyed by the
young women of that institution, has re-
cently told of an amusing experience
which he had when returning home from
a speech-making trip. While in the ob-

servation car he and a "drummer" were
trying to pass away the time with a chat.
Just as the train was nearing the presi-
dent's station the "drummer," in a final
burst of confidence, said: "My line's
skirts; what's yours?" As he picked up
his luggage and hurried out Dr. Neilson
called back, "So's mine."

♦♦♦

"Young man," said the pompous indi-
vidual, "I did not always have this cari-
age. When I first started in life I had
to walk." "You were lucky," chuckled
the youth. "When I first started in life
I couldn't walk."—*Chicago News*.

♦♦♦

Representative Kinkaid of Nebraska
was telling about Russia's repudiation of
her national debt. "France is hit the

hardest by this repudiation," he said.
"France has I forget how many billions
of francs invested in the Russian loan.
It's a good thing for us Americans that
we never went in for Russian securities.
We are like the banker. The banker said
of a man of the Russian Bolshevik type:
'When he called I was out, but I'd have
been out more if I'd been in.'"

♦♦♦

Speaking at the Kennington theatre,
Lord Denbigh told a nice little story.
He said that when walking through the
House of Commons a few days ago he
saw two wounded Australian privates.
They appeared to be dwarfs, but on
drawing closer he noticed that their legs
had been shattered below the knee. He
said to one of them, "Haven't you been
fitted with artificial legs yet?" The elder

of the two replied, "Yes, I have, and I
am going along with them all right, but
my pal has not, and as he is a bit shy
about going out alone with his stumps, I
left my legs behind."

♦♦♦

"Why did you put the Crown Prince
in charge of the army?" asked one Prus-
sian general. "He couldn't lead any
fighting." "We didn't expect him to,"
replied another. "We wanted him to
lead the running."—*Washington Star*.

♦♦♦

Visitor—Sir, I am collecting for the
Poets' Hospital. Will you contribute
anything?

Editor—With pleasure. Call to-night
with the ambulance and I will have a poet
ready.—*Tit-Bits*.

A Few Hints from our

DRESS SECTION

—Where Individuality Reigns Supreme.

—Where every whim and desire of femininity
can be satisfied to a T.

Our selection of Frocks is all-embracing and
includes the creations of renowned couturiers.
There are original models from Hickson as
well as replicas from Paris' most noted style
authorities. Worthy of special emphasis is

A copy of a Chanel Model (that Paris instantly
approved) has skirt that is shirred on a tight band
at hem, jabot-side skirt, weighted with crochet or-
naments. Priced, \$89.75.

Another Gown of kitten's ear, embroidered in
Chinese fashion, combined with velvet, adorned
with bell rope tassel, is a copy of a favorite Drecol
Model, \$110.

A Jenny reproduction of duvetyne satin with loops
and buttons at lower skirt, which opens if more
width is desired. Made with apron front with
apron strings tying at side, \$125.

A rich crow blue Gown (after Paquin) at \$95.

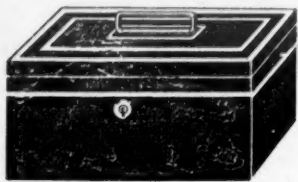
A regal Dinner Gown (after Callot) of black
satin, the kind that clings—with sparkling jet de-
signs over chiffon petticoat that peeps out at the
sides, \$125.

Numerous others, including Frocks for Street,
Calling, Restaurant and Theater Wear, \$55 to \$250.

Third Floor.



STIX, BAER & FULLER



What's in Your Cash Box ? ? ?

MAKE a quick mental inventory of its contents. Then ask yourself if it is wise or business-like to risk the loss of such valuable property by theft or fire when a Mercantile Safe Deposit Box costs but

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Bring your valuables with you when applying for a Mercantile Safe Deposit Box. You get immediate possession at the Mercantile and can at once place your bonds, leases, insurance policies and other valuables in a place of absolute protection.

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Protection
-TO ST CHARLES

Marts and Money

Wall street is putting its house in order, that is to say, actively anticipating the commencement of peace negotiations at an early date. Industrial values are closely studied and subjected to severe tests day after day. The depressionistic crews are on the alert, but have thus far wrought no serious damage, except in a few especially susceptible cases. Though the discounting process has been noticeable for several months, speculative minds still feel bewildered as regards the probable effects of a grounding of arms on the values of stocks of corporations who have, since 1914, been largely or wholly engaged in the filling of war contracts. Two conspicuous instances in point are Bethlehem Steel B and U. S. Industrial Alcohol shares. The price of the former is down to 73; that of the latter, to 104½. The absolute maxima, established in 1917, were 155½ and 171½, respectively. There was no Bethlehem B stock prior to 1917. The total amount outstanding is about \$45,000,000. Nor was there any 8 per cent cumulative preferred before 1917. Of this, the outstanding total is \$29,724,000. Apprehensive holders of B shares are now asking themselves whether the corporation will be able to continue paying 10 per cent per annum after the ending of hostilities. Probably not. The price now in effect indicates a net return of almost 14 per cent. So it is apparent that the negative view is widely prevalent, extensive improvements and enlargement of properties notwithstanding. It is vividly remembered, also, that previous to 1916 nothing was ever disbursed among owners of what is now known as A common stock, to say nothing of the parsimonious policy in respect to payments on the old 7 per cent preferred. For the present, it is taken for granted that only the two preferred dividends should be

regarded as absolutely safe after the restoration of peace. Industrial Alcohol still pays \$16 per annum, but it is not overlooked that before 1916 the company had never been able to set aside something for its common stockholders, after the 7 per cent on the preferred stock. Another important consideration is the prohibition act. The Distilling Co. of America, practically all of whose stock is held by the Distilling Securities Co., is the guarantor of the Industrial Alcohol preferred dividend. For obvious reasons, Wall street feels increasingly bearish on the Distilling Securities Co., whose stock has declined from 64¾ to 48. It is beyond doubt that the U. S. I. A. Co. must suffer a considerable, though not a disastrous, shrinkage in earnings as a result of general prohibition. Its principal product is industrial and denatured alcohol, a commodity the demand for which is more likely to increase than to decrease even under ordinary, or normal conditions. I have selected and enlarged upon these two cases—B. S. and U. S. I. A.—in order to convey some hints as to the difficulties now facing stock exchange interests in their endeavors to place new appraisals upon industrials in anticipation of a radically altered state of affairs, both in finance and industry. U. S. Steel common is quoted at 108¾, or a little more than eight points under the recent top mark of 116½. The absolute maximum, set in 1917, was 136½. The stock's movements in the last few days were somewhat narrow and hesitant, but reflective of stealthy liquidation, nevertheless. The relative steadiness of the price suggested timidity on the part of the bear crowd, which doubtless felt that shares paying \$17 per annum cannot be considered ridiculously overvalued at or around 108. There may be a decided change of mind in the next few days. Steel common was down to 79½ last December, despite the \$4.25 per quarter.

A relapse below 100 must therefore be reckoned with. The downward movement is retarded, to some extent, by intimations that a vigorous onslaught on Steel common and other leading issues will be considered unpatriotic while the war loan campaign is in progress. The two leading oil stocks, Mexican Petroleum and Texas Oil, established new top marks lately, but reacted four or five points subsequently. An additional gain of about ten points was recorded likewise by Royal Dutch, the top being 113. In this particular case, the resurgence of broad buying followed hard upon the news of Bulgaria's surrender and hopeful talk concerning Rumanian petroleum properties. The Royal Dutch Co. is heavily interested in the Piteshti district of the latter country, as also in rich petroleum fields in the Caucasus and Mexico, either directly or indirectly. Anterior to 1914, its stock was almost entirely owned in Holland, France, Germany and England. The quotations for copper shares are either unchanged or a little higher. Possessors of certificates of this kind feel quite confident that their interests will not seriously be harmed by peace parleys, though they are prepared for a temporary decline of several points in the event of an accentuation of weakness in the principal industrial group. The current price of 69½ for Anaconda is two points under the high record of the year, but more than eighteen points above the minimum of last December—51½. It is not believed that the yearly dividend of \$8 is in danger of reduction. Indeed, there's a good deal of favorable gossip concerning the merits and future of Anaconda. Even operators who cannot be suspected of emotional optimism stoutly maintain that the company has an unusually promising future, that its productive power is constantly being increased and diversified, and that its stock must therefore be regarded as one of the finest purchases for a long and patient pull. Furthermore, the net return at 69½ is 11½ per cent. The argument seems plausible. It should not be ignored, though, that in the 1908-15 period, holders of the stock never got more than \$3 per annum. The average was about \$2. In the railroad department, the principal feature of interest is Canadian Pacific, the price of which is 170, or within about three points of the recent maximum—172¾. Quotations for American railroad shares registered no changes of real significance. That for Union Pacific common is 126, which compares with a recent maximum of 129. This stock pays the same annual rate—\$10—as Canadian Pacific. Wall street oracles admit that the persistent dullness of railroad stocks is a complete mystery to them. Prices are not high; they imply substantial net yields, as well as tempting speculative opportunities in numerous cases. Pennsylvania, a high-class stock, continues pegged at 43¾, a figure showing an advance of less than four points when contrasted with the low record of 1917, though it still pays \$3 per annum on the par value of \$50, or the same amount as in 1913, when the highest figure was 61¾. The bond list, also, remains in a disappointing condition. Slight improvement can be noted only in a few instances. Increased purchasing is wit-

nessed occasionally in speculative or semi-speculative quarters. St. Louis & San Francisco adjustment 6s have been especially favored in the past two or three weeks. The quotation quickly recovered the interest deducted the other day. It is 68½ at this moment, which must be held sufficiently low to warrant long commitments with a view to gathering profits by and by and getting a handsome return on the invested money in the meantime. The interest is cumulative. Germany has launched its peace offensive, judging by latest dispatches. This should lend fresh impetus to efforts towards completing the course of rectification in market values.

Finance in St. Louis

The local market for securities remains in a placid and reassuring condition. Business is rather limited, largely on account of the great and enthusiastic campaign of raising \$6,000,000,000 for the greatest government on earth. Thus far, the St. Louis reserve district has done remarkably well, and will do a deal better still before the close of subscription lists. The convincing evidence it affords of superabundant surplus wealth should have a stimulating effect, by and by, upon financial business in Fourth street. For the present, brokers and their customers will have to satisfy themselves with plain signs of completed liquidation and steadiness of quoted values. After the signal has been given for an upward movement all along the line, the volume of investment and speculative inquiry will undoubtedly be sufficient to carry prices materially higher than they are to-day, even though such stocks as are too largely representative of war contracts may exhibit sinking tendencies for several months, with occasional recoveries of five to seven points. The man looking for investment paper of real merits will not be slow in getting on the bandwagon when the appropriate moment at last arrives.

Latest Quotations

| | Bid. | Asked. |
|-------------------------------|------|--------|
| Mechanics-American National.. | 238½ | 241 |
| National Bank of Commerce... | 115½ | ... |
| United Railways com..... | 2½ | 3½ |
| do pfd. | 12 | 14 |
| do 48 | 49 | 50 |
| Certain-teed com..... | 26 | 28 |
| do 1st | ... | 81 |
| Ely & Walker com..... | ... | 105 |
| do 2d pfd..... | ... | 80 |
| Central Coal & Coke com..... | ... | 61 |
| National Candy com..... | 45¾ | 46 |
| do 1st pfd..... | ... | 103½ |
| do 2d pfd..... | 87½ | ... |

Answers to Inquiries

CONSTANT READER, St. Louis.—There has been very little speculation in American Beet Sugar common in recent times, despite the relatively low price and 8 per cent regular dividend. But there may be considerable activity in the stock in the next month or two, owing to intrinsic value, and the probability that \$8 or at least \$7 can be paid indefinitely. The current quotation is 71. This would mean a net yield of almost 10 per cent even if the dividend rate were to be reduced to \$7. The company is not overcapitalized at present, though it doubtless was in the first few years of its existence.

In 1916, the common stock sold at as high a price as 108½.

H. U. M., Kansas City, Mo.—There's no danger of a heavy decline in Inspiration Copper, now rated at 55¼. A cut in the dividend, while not altogether unlikely, is already well discounted. The company should be able to pay at least \$5 per annum even during a period of largely reduced demand for red metal. After the great fracas has subsided, reconstructive requirements should keep Copper production at maximum records for at least two years. The hates and rancors of war will gradually disappear.

SPECULATOR, Kirkwood, Mo.—Okmulgee is quoted at \$2. This seems a pretty low figure, compared with former high records. It has had no tonic effect, however, on the demand for the shares. The company's financial condition is deeply disliked, mostly on account of the decision to raise another mortgage of \$1,000,000 on the properties, the interest rate to be 8 per cent, with notes maturing in thirty-six installments, covering a period of three years. The company has now a debt of \$1,200,000 outstanding. In these circumstances, you should not buy the stock, unless you have otherwise no particular use for the money you intend to set aside for this purpose.

THOMAS, Toledo, O.—The Chesapeake & Ohio convertible 5s are an attractive semi-speculative investment. The present price of 79½ looks reasonable. A relapse to the low notch of 1917 (71½) is not seriously to be feared. A smart advance will be registered as soon as the general railroad list begins to display genuine vitality. Pending developments, you receive 5 per cent interest and have a conversion privilege that may become highly valuable in the next few years.

OWNER, Roswell, N. M.—If you have a forty-point paper profit on your holdings of Texas Oil, take it, and knock off for a few days. It hardly ever pays to hold out for the top-eighth, especially not in these times of extraordinary confusion in financial and industrial affairs. Texas is valued at 181 at this moment, against 114¾ last December. The bulge looks sufficiently ample to warrant liquidation, with a view to rebuying in case of another material decline. You would be justified in doing that at about 150.

J. W. O., Keokuk, Ia.—Cannot advise purchasing Crucible Steel above 50. The present price is 56. Stock was down to 45¾ last December. That level may be reached again before long. There are no dividends in prospect.

“How is she at bridge—strong?” “Her bridge is strong enough to support the whole family.”—*Dallas News*.

Tommy had been invited to dine at a learned professor's house, and his mother was anxious for his good behavior at the table. She gave him elaborate instructions. “Well, Tommy, how did you get on?” she asked on his return. “Oh, all right, ma.” “You are quite sure you didn't do anything impolite?” “Well, no, ma—at least nothing to speak of.” The mother's anxiety was aroused. “Ah, then there was something wrong. Now, tell me about it, Tommy.” “Oh, it wasn't much. You see, I was trying to cut my

meat, when it slipped off my plate on to the floor.” “Oh, my dear boy; what did you do?” “I just said sort of carelessly, ‘That's always the way with tough meat,’ and went on with my dinner.”

Prison Visitor (sympathetically)—You poor fellow! You'll be glad when your time is up, won't you?

Convict—Not particularly, miss; I'm in for life.—*Snark's Annual*.

“A police court isn't all grim and sordid,” remarked a Los Angeles judge recently. “Sometimes something really funny happens. Not so very long ago a chauffeur was brought in after having run down a man. ‘Didn't you know that if you struck this pedestrian he would be seriously injured?’ I asked. ‘Yes, sir,’ replied the chauffeur. ‘Then why didn't you zigzag your car and miss him?’ ‘He was zigzagging himself and outguessed me, your honor,’ was the answer.”

“Do you think it is right for a wife to go through her husband's pockets?” “I don't know about its being right, but I know from my own experience that it is often unavailing.”—*Baltimore American*.

“Now,” said the professor, “supposing that by some convulsion of nature portions of the earth now under water became dry land, what would be the most prominent characteristic of the landscape?” And the summer girl who was trying to suppress a yawn replied: “German submarines.”—*Tit-Bits*.

Foreman—That machine can do the work of a dozen men.

Visitor—Gee whiz! My wife ought to have married it.—*Boston Transcript*.

“What is it?” “A raffle.” “I never yet won a prize at a raffle.” “Well, you've never lost much at that.”—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

The conversation in the village hotel had turned on the war, when one of the company asked, “Which is the most warlike nation?” “Vacci-nation,” replied the doctor. “It's nearly always in arms.”

“There doesn't seem to be so much gun play in Crimson Gulch since prohibition struck.” “No,” answered Broncho Bob. “The boys shoot straighter, but not so often.”—*Washington Star*.

Tommy (who has been wounded for the fourth time)—I know what it means, mate; them Huns don't want me in this war.—*London Opinion*.

Parson—Cheer up, sister; your husband is now in heaven.

Widow (sobbing)—Yes, and so is his first wife, whom he fairly idolized.—*New York Globe*.

“My friend is in paradoxical trouble?” “What kind is that?” “He is in a hole because he couldn't find an opening.”—*Baltimore American*.

A tramp applying for a job was asked whether he could do any gardening. “Yes'm,” replied the seedy one. “Then, will you plant these shrubs?” “I don't

This Company has only one inflexible rule—“Individual Service and Courteous Attention.” All of our other regulations are for the protection and convenience of customers. We want to understand each customer's individual needs—and apply or create a businesslike way to take care of them.

Mississippi Valley Trust Co.
Capital, Surplus and Profits Over \$8,000,000
FOURTH and PINE ST. LOUIS

think I could do that, lady.” “Then what can you do?” asked the mistress of the house. “Well, ma'am, if you'll give me one of your husband's cigars I'll sit in the greenhouse and smoke out the insects that's eating the leaves off them roses.”

“My dear, the doctor says I'm in need of a little change.” “Then ask him to give it to you. He's got the last of mine.”—*Baltimore American*.

“What is your favorite perfume?” “Well,” replied Mr. Cumrox, “in the evening it's mint, but in the morning it's ham and eggs.”—*Washington Star*.

Reggie—I've got a beastly cold in my head.

Miss Kean—Never mind, Reggie. Don't grumble. Even if it is only a cold, it's something.—*Boston Transcript*.

History Teacher—And Achilles' most tender spot was his heel.

Sweet Young Knitterine—Lucky boy—that shows he didn't have corns.—*Florida Times-Union*.

At a political meeting the speaker made a jest, and finding that his audience had missed the point, he said playfully: “I had hoped that you would laugh at that.” Then from a remote corner of the hall a plaintive voice broke the silence: “I laughed, mister.” Then everybody did.

Johnny—Father, how do you spell high?

Father—H-i-g-h; why do you wish to know?

Johnny—'Cause I'm writing a composition on the highena.—*Tit-Bits*.

One negro advised another, who had been drafted, to make a will before going to the war. “I hain't got no use, nohow, foh dat kind of a will,” said the second; “de only will I keers anything about is, Will I come back?”

John McCormack, the famous tenor, tells a story which he claims graphically illustrates the horrors of war. On returning from a Red Cross concert he was amazed to find his wife laboriously trying to remove the spots from a palm beach suit. “Where's Norah?” demanded the amazed songbird. “She's in the

kitchen. I thought I'd do this myself, because the poor girl simply can't bear the smell of gasoline since the chauffeur enlisted.”

“A man ought never to learn to do card tricks,” said Broncho Bob. “Why not?” “If he wins in a poker game everybody looks suspicious, and if he doesn't win everybody laughs.”—*Washington Star*.

She—I heard a noise very late when you came in.

He (facetiously)—Was it the night falling?

She (sternly)—No; it was the day breaking.—*Baltimore American*.

Statement of the ownership, management, circulation, etc., required by the act of congress of August 24, 1912, of REEDY'S MIRROR, published weekly at St. Louis, Mo., for October 1, 1918.

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the state and country aforesaid, personally appeared William Marion Reedy, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the editor and owner of REEDY'S MIRROR and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to-wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are:

Publisher—William Marion Reedy, 1409 Syndicate Trust bldg., St. Louis.

Editor—William Marion Reedy, 1409 Syndicate Trust bldg., St. Louis.

Managing Editor—William Marion Reedy, 1409 Syndicate Trust bldg., St. Louis.

Business Manager—J. J. Sullivan, 1409 Syndicate Trust bldg., St. Louis.

2. That the owners are:

William Marion Reedy, 1409 Syndicate Trust bldg., St. Louis.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are:

None.

WILLIAM MARION REEDY.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 30th day of September, 1918.

[SEAL] CELESTE M. LYNCH.

(My commission expires Aug. 30, 1920.)

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THE BEVERAGE

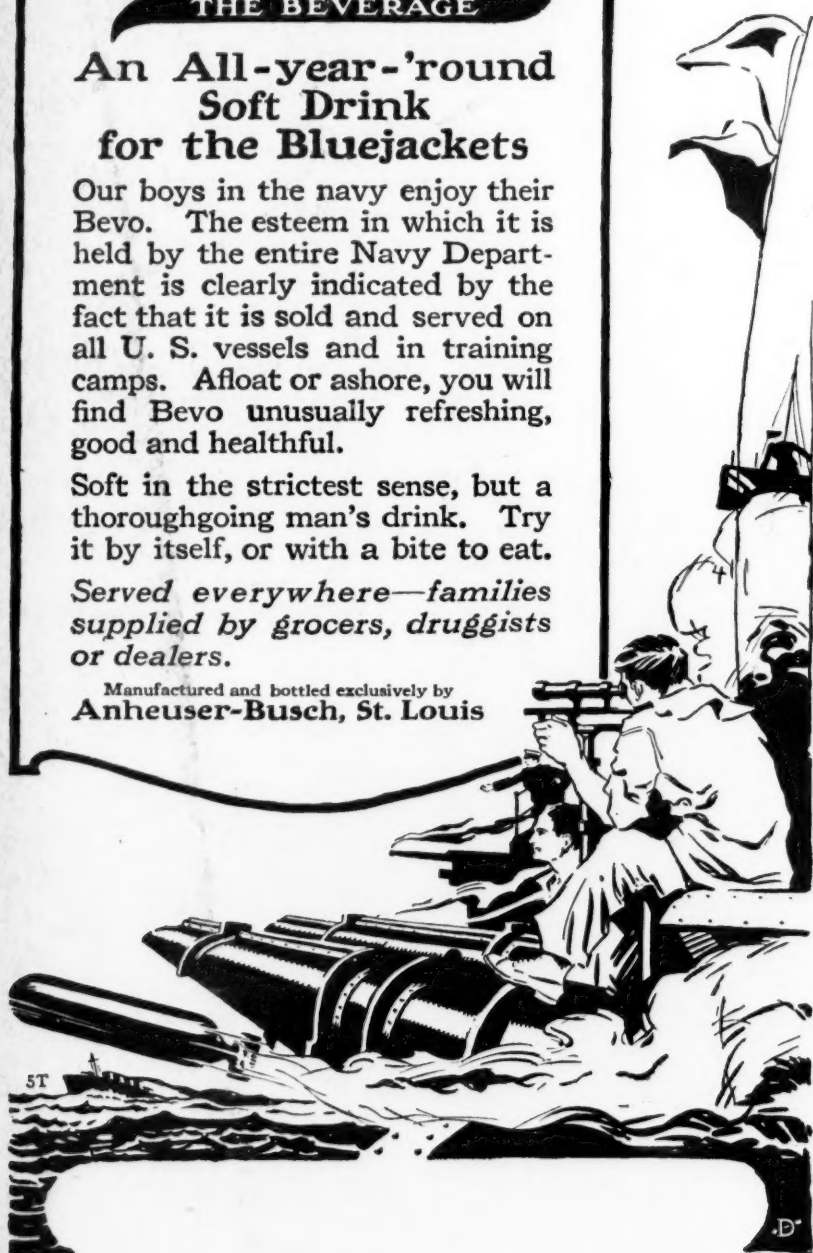
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